BELL'S EDITION,

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE, FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

DRYDEN VOLUME III.

Satire has always shone among the rest,
And in the boldest way, if not the best.

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Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London March 1777

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprife,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe.—
The pow'r of muſick all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is DRYDEN now. POPE.

Behold where DRYDEN'S leſs preſumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courſers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-reſounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright eye'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more.— GRAY.

Bell's *ſecond edition.*

VOL. III.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY THE APOLLO PRESS, BY THE MARTINS.

June 1788.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,	SONGS,
EPOLOGUES,	ELEGIES,
EPILOGUES,	EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

But see where artful DRYDEN next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming even in years:
Great DRYDEN next! whose tuneful Muse affords
The twentieth numbers and the fifteth words.
Whether in comick sounds or tragick airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears,
If satire or heroick strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all. ADDISON

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

[illegible]

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

BY MR. DRYDEN AND THE E. OF MULGRAVE.

How dull and how inſenſible a beaſt
Is man who yet would lord it o'er the reſt?
Philoſophers and poets vainly ſtrove
In ev'ry age the lumpiſh maſs to move;
But thoſe were pedants, when compar'd with theſe
Who know not only to inſtruct, but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightful way
Myſterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; ſo that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satire has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,
To tell men freely of their fouleſt faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In ſatire, too, the wits took diff'rent ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar praiſe.
Some did all folly with juſt ſharpneſs blame,
Whilſt others laugh'd and ſcorn'd 'm into ſhame.
But of theſe two the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
As men aim rightеſt when they ſhoot in jeſt.
Yet, if we may preſume to blame our guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides,
In other things they juſtly are preferr'd;
In this alone methinks the Ancients err'd;

Againſt the groſſeſt follies they declaim;
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Beſides, 'tis labour loſt; for who would preach
Morals to Armſtrong, or dull Aſton teach?
'Tis being devout at play wife at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendſhip to Whitehall.
But with ſharp eyes thoſe nicer faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt mind;
That little ſpeck, which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the looſe-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd ſcenes of our declining ſtage:
Above all cenſure too each little wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit,
Who judging better, tho' concern'd the moſt,
Of ſuch correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a ſatire all would ſeek a ſhare,
And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there.
Old ſtorytellers too muſt pine and die
To ſee their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her who miſs'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herſelf decay'd ſo ſoon.
No common coxcomb muſt be mention'd here,
Nor the dull train of dancing ſparks appear,
Nor ſtutt'ring officers who never fight;
Of ſuch a wretched rabble who would write?

Much leſs half wits: that 's more againſt our rules;
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as ſilly as Dunbar,
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
The cunning courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull knav'ry makes ſo much ado;
Till the ſhrewd fool, by thriving too, too faſt,
Like Æſop's fox, becomes a prey at laſt.
Nor ſhall the royal miſtreſſes be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too eaſy to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps ſuch a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet ſaunt'ring Charles, between his beaſtly brace,
Meets with diſſembling ſtill in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him
How one has jilted him, the other ſold him;
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail ſo long as he can ſleep?
Was ever prince by two at once miſled,
Falſe, fooliſh, old, unnatur'd, and ill-bred?
Parnely and Aylſbury, with all that race
Of buſy blockheads, ſhall have here no place;
At council ſet, as foils on Dorſet's ſcore,
To make that great falſe jewel ſhine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wiſe
Only for taking pains and telling lies.

But there's no meddling with such nauseous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'Tis time to quit their company, and chuse
Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First let's behold the merriest man alive
Against his careless genius vainly strive,
Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay
'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day;
Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee;
But when he aims at reason or at rule,
He turns himself the best to ridicule.
Let him at bus'ness ne'er so earnest sit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit,
That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
Tho' he left all mankind to be destroy'd.
So cat, transform'd, sat gravely and demure,
Till mouse appear'd and thought himself secure;
But soon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find,
That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes,
Yet his hard mind, which all this buffle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes

What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To ſee him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him ſtill
Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that 's ill.
'T were crime in any man but him alone
To uſe a body ſo, tho' 't is one's own:
Yet this falſe comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilſt he creeps his vig'rous thoughts can ſoar.
Alas! that ſoaring to thoſe few that know
Is but a buſy grov'ling here below.
So men in raptures think they mount the ſky,
Whilſt on the ground th' entranced wretches lie,
So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly.
As the new earl, with parts deſerving praiſe,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,
Yet loſes all ſoft days and ſenſual nights,
Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune ſlights,
Striving againſt his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a buſy man.
And what is that at beſt, but one whoſe mind
Is made to tire himſelf and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go: faith, let him reign;
For if ſome odd fantaſtick lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beaſt that lives
Who his own harm ſo wittingly contrives?

Will any dog that has his teeth and ſtones,
Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones
To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a ſtateſman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
Tho' ſatire, nicely writ with humour, ſtings
But thoſe who merit praiſe in other things,
Yet we muſt needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for Folly 'Tropos' ſake,
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing ſmoothly and for reas'ning wrong.
As boys, on holydays let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh traps for girls that paſs that way
Then ſhout to ſee in dirt and deep diſtreſs
Some ſilly Cit in her flow'r'd fooliſh dreſs;
So have I mighty ſatisfaction found
To ſee his tinſel reaſon on the ground;
To ſee the florid fool deſpis'd and know it,
By ſome who ſcarce have words enough to ſhow it:
For Senſe ſits ſilent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay, ſometimes the wittieſt, ſpeaker.
But 'tis prodigious ſo much eloquence
Should be acquired by ſuch little ſenſe,
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Folly was no fool, tho' this may be.

A bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolsack, top at council-table.
These are the grievances of such fools as would
Be rather wise than honest, great than good.
Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errours hurt themselves alone;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And lazinets call loving of their ease;
To live dissolv'd in pleasures till they feign,
Tho' their whole life's but intermitting pain.
So much of surfeits, headachs, claps, are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake.
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain we squander life away.
Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Marry'd, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that,
And first he worry'd her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's mastives at his kinder time;
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife.
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load,
Till Fortune, blindly kind, as well as he,
Has ill-reform'd him to his liberty,
Which he would use in his old freaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day,

Dull as Ned Howard, whom his britker times
Had fam'd for dulneſs in malicious rhymes.
Mulgrave had much ado to 'ſcape the ſnare,
Tho' learn'd in all thoſe arts that cheat the fair;
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzl'd, Numps was in the ſtocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes
To ſee him catch his Tartar for his prize;
Th' impatient Town waited the with'd-for change,
And cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet revenge;
Till Petworth-plot made us with ſorrow ſee,
As his eſtate, his perſon too, was free:
Him no ſoft thoughts, no gratitude, could move,
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there, he keeps his freedom ſtill,
Fore'd to live happily againſt his will.
'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and pow'r
Break not his boaſted quiet ev'ry hour.
And little Sid. for ſimile renown'd,
Pleaſure has always ſought but never found:
Tho' all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are ſo bad, ſure he ne'er thinks at all.
The fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong;
His meat and miſtreſſes are kept too long.
But ſure we all miſtake this pious man.
Who mortifies his perſon all he can:
What we uncharitably take for ſin
Are only rules of this odd Capuchin:

For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common ſenſe,
And 'tis a miracle, we may ſuppoſe,
No naſtineſs offends his ſkilful noſe,
Which from all ſtink can, with peculiar art,
Extract perfume and eſſence from a f—t.
Expecting ſupper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night;
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.
Rocheſter I deſpiſe for want of wit,
Tho' thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he miſchief means to all mankind,
Himſelf alone the ill effects does find;
And ſo like witches juſtly ſuffers ſhame,
Whoſe harmleſs malice is ſo much the ſame.
Falſe are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, ſo ſeldom hit;
To ev'ry face he cringes while he ſpeaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes ev'ry creature;
A very Kill-grew, without good nature;
For what a Beſſus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there's the folly that's ſtill mix'd with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear.

Of fighting ſparks ſome may their pleaſures ſay,
But 't is a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance ſtill:
Falſely he falls into ſome dang'rous nooſe,
And then as meanly labours to get looſe.
A life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe injury and low ſubmitting.
I 'd like to have left out his poetry,
Forgot by all almoſt as well as me.
Sometimes he has ſome humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under ſo much naſty rubbiſh laid,
To find it out 's the cinder-woman's trade,
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire
Muſt toil all day in aſhes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deſerve no comments here,
Where one poor thought ſometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulneſs muſt atone.
How vain a thing is Man, and how unwiſe!
E'en he who would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe!
I, who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride cann't ſee.
While the world's nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhown,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own;
That we may angels ſeem we paint themſelves,
And are but ſatires to ſet up ourſelves.

I, who have all this while been finding fault
E'en with my maſter, who firſt ſatire taught,
And did by that deſcribe the taſk ſo hard,
It ſeems ſtupendous and above reward,
Now labour, with unequal force, to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time;
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

TO THE

LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY 1662

MY LORD,

WHILE flatt'ring crowds officiously appear
To give themselves, not you, an happy year,
And by the greatness of their presents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love,
The Muse, who your early courtship boast,
Tho' now your flames are with their beauty lost,
Yet watch their time, that if you have forgot
They were your mistresses the world may not:
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love,
And now present, as ancient ladies do,
That courted long at length are forc'd to woo
For still they look on you with such kind eyes
As those that see the church's sov'reign rise,
From their own order chose, in whose high state
They think themselves the second choice of Fate.
When our great Monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion suffer'd banishment.
Thus once, when Troy was wrapp'd in fire and smoke,
The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;
They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.

At length the Muſes ſtand, reſtor'd again
To that great charge which Nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids ſeem reviv'd by Fate,
Why you diſpenſe the laws and guide the ſtate.
The nation's ſoul, our Monarch, does diſpenſe
Thro' you to us his vital influence;
You are the channel where thoſe ſpirits flow,
And work them higher as to us they go.

In open proſpect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth ſeems join'd unto the ſky;
So in this hemiſphere our utmoſt view
Is only bounded by our King and you.
Our ſight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heav'n can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, tho' your orbs of diff'rent greatneſs be,
Yet both are for each other's uſe diſpos'd,
His to encloſe, and your's to be enclos'd:
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptineſs had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And ſhare his burden where he ſhares his heart.
In you his ſleep ſtill wakes; his pleaſures find
Their ſhare of buſ'neſs in your lab'ring mind.
So when the weary Sun his place reſigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection ſhines.

Juſtice, that ſits and frowns where publick laws
Exclude ſoft mercy from a private cauſe,

In your tribunal moſt herſelf does pleaſe;
Here only ſmiles, becauſe ſhe lives at eaſe;
And, like young David, finds her ſtrength the more,
When diſencumber'd from thoſe arms ſhe wore.
Heav'n would our royal maſter ſhould exceed
Moſt in that virtue which we moſt did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with pow'r was join'd)
His fatal goodneſs left to fitter times,
Not to increaſe, but to abſolve our crimes:
But when the heir of this vaſt treaſure knew
How Large a legacy was left to you,
(Too great for any ſubject to retain)
He wiſely tyd it to the crown again:
Yet paſſing thro' your hands it gathers more,
As ſtreams thro' mines bear tincture of their ore.
While empt'rick politicians uſe deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat,
You boldly ſhew that ſkill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end;
Which ſhould you will, we might unwind the clue,
As men do Nature, till we came to you.
And as the Indies were not found before
Thoſe rich perfumes which from the happy ſhore
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whoſe guilty ſweetneſs firſt their world betray'd,
So by your counſels we are brought to view
A rich and undiſcover'd world in you.

By you our Monarch does that fame assure
Which kings must have, or cannot live secure;
For prosp'rous princes gain their subjects' heart,
Who love that praise in which themselves have part.
By you he fits those subjects to obey,
As heav'n's eternal Monarch does convey
His pow'r unseen, and man to his designs
By his bright ministers, the stars, inclines.
Our setting sun from his declining seat,
Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat;
And when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the fav'rite of his last sad times,
That suff'rer in his subjects' crimes.
Thus those first favours you receiv'd were sent,
Like Heav'n's rewards, in earthly punishment;
Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny,
E'en then took care to lay you softly by,
And wrapp'd your fate among her precious things,
Kept fresh, to be unfolded with your King's.
Shewn, all at once you dazzled so our eyes,
As new-born Pallas did the gods surprise,
When springing forth from Jove's new-closing wound,
She struck the warlike spear into the ground,
Which sprouting leaves did suddenly enclose,
And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.
How strangely active are the arts of peace,
Whose restless motions less than wars do cease

Peace is not freed from labour, but from noiſe,
And war more force, but not more pains, employs.
Such is the mighty ſwiftneſs of your mind,
That like the earth it leaves our ſenſe behind,
While you ſo ſmoothly turn and roll our ſphere
That rapid motion does but reſt appear.
For as in Nature's ſwiftneſs, with the throng
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
All ſeems at reſt to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the ſoul of the ſame harmony;
So carry'd on by your unweary'd care,
We reſt in peace, and yet in motion ſhare.
Let Envy then thoſe crimes within you ſee,
From which the happy never muſt be free;
Envy, that does with Miſery reſide,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
Think it not hard if, at ſo cheap a rate,
You can ſecure the conſtancy of Fate,
Whoſe kindneſs ſent what does their malice ſeem,
By leſſer ills the greater to redeem.
Nor can we this weak ſhow'r a tempeſt call,
But drops of heat that in the ſunſhine fall.
You have already weary'd Fortune ſo,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe,
But ſits all breathleſs, and admires to feel
A fate ſo weighty, that it ſtops her wheel.
In all things elſe above our humble fate
Your equal mind yet ſwells not into ſtate.

But, like some mountain in those happy isles,
Where in perpetual spring young Nature smiles,
Your greatness shews; no horrour to affright,
But trees for shade, and flow'rs to court the sight.
Sometimes the hill submits itself awhile
In small descents, which do its height beguile;
And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,
Whose rise not hinders, but makes short our way.
Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rolling tempests vainly beat below;
And like Olympus' top, th' impression wears
Of love and friendship writ in former years:
Yet unimpair'd with labours or with time,
Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heav'nly bodies do our time beget,
And measure change, but share no part of it;
And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this New-year, whose motions never cease;
For since the glorious course you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the centre of it is above.

DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.

Must noble Haſtings immaturely die,
The honour of his ancient family;
Beauty and learning thus together meet
To bring a winding for a wedding ſheet?
Muſt virtue prove Death's harbinger? muſt ſhe,
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, ſin's wages, grace's now? ſhall art
Make us more learned only to depart?
If merit be diſeaſe, if virtue death;
To be good not to be, who 'd then bequeath
Himſelf to diſcipline? who 'd not eſteem
Labour a crime? ſtudy ſelf-murder deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces ſecurely, ign'rant healthfully.
Rare linguiſt! whoſe worth ſpeaks itſelf, whoſe praiſe,
Tho' not his own, all tongues beſides do raiſe:
Than whom great Alexander may ſeem leſs
Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations ſpake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.
His native ſoil was the four parts o' th' earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apoſtle, and, with rev'rence may
I ſpeak it, inſpir'd with gift of tongues as they

Nature gave him, a child, what men in vain
Oft' ſtrive, by art tho' further'd, to obtain.
His body was an orb, his ſublime ſoul
Did move on Virtue's and on Learning's pole;
Whoſe reg'lar motions better to our view
Than Archimedes' ſphere the heav'ns did ſhew.
Grace and virtues, languages and arts,
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heav'n's gifts, which do like falling ſtars appear
Scatter'd in others, all, as in their ſphere,
Were fix'd, conglobate in his ſoul; and thence
Shone thro' his body with ſweet influence,
Letting their glories ſo on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celeſtial.
Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make
If thou this hero's altitude canſt take:
But that tranſcends thy ſkill; thrice happy all
Could we but prove thus aſtronomical.
Liv'd Tycho now, ſtruck with this ray which ſhone
More bright i' th' morn' than others beam at noon,
He'd take his aſtrolabe, and ſeek out here
What new ſtar 't was did gild our hemiſphere.
Repleniſh'd then with ſuch rare gifts as theſe,
Where was room left for ſuch a foul diſeaſe?
The nation's ſin hath drawn that veil, which ſhrouds
Our dayſpring in ſo ſad benighting clouds;
Heav'n would no longer truſt its pledge, but thus
Recall'd it, rapt its Ganymede from us.

Was there no milder way but the ſmall-pox,
The very filthineſs of Pandora's box?
So many ſpots, like næves on Venus' ſoil,
One jewel ſet off with ſo many a foil:
Bliſters with pride ſwell'd, which through 's fleſh did ſprout
Like roſe-buds ſtuck i' th' lily-ſkin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its riſing did commit;
Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at ſtrife,
Thus made an inſurrection 'gainſt his life.
Or were theſe gems ſent to adorn his ſkin,
The cab'net of a richer ſoul within?
No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whoſe corpſe might ſeem a conſtellation.
O! had he dy'd of old, how great a ſtrife
Had been, who from his death ſhould draw their life?
Who ſhould, by one rich draught, become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæſar, were?
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
An univerſal metempſychoſis.
Muſt all theſe aged fires in one fun'ral
Expire? all die in one ſo young, ſo ſmall?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had ſwoll'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
But haſty Winter with one blaſt hath brought
The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought.
Thus fades the oak i' th' ſprig; i' th' blade the corn;
Thus, without young, this Phœnix dies new-born.

Muſt then old three-legg'd graybeards, with their
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three ages out in gout,
Time's offals, only fit for th' hoſpital
Or to hang antiquaries' rooms withal?
Muſt drunkards, lechers, ſpent with ſinning, live
With ſuch helps as broths, poſſets, phyſick, give
None live but ſuch as ſhould die? ſhall we meet
With none but ghoſtly fathers in the ſtreet?
Grief makes me rail; ſorrow will force its way,
And ſhow'rs of tears tempeſtuous ſighs beſt lay.
The tongue may fail, but overflowing eyes
Will weep out laſting ſtreams of elegies.
But thou, O Virgin-widow! left alone,
Now thy beſov'd, heav'n-raviſh'd, ſpouſe is gone,
Whoſe ſkilful ſire in vain ſtrove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
With greater than Platonick love, O wed
His ſoul, tho' not his body, to thy bed:
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Tranſcribe th' original in new copies; give
Haſtings o' th' better part; ſo ſhall he live
In's nobler half; and the great grandſire be
Of an heroick divine progeny:
An iſſue which t' eternity ſhall laſt,
Yet but th' irradiations which he caſt.
Erect no mauſoleums; for his beſt
Monument is his ſpouſe's marble breaſt.

EPISTLES *.

I.

To my honoured friend, Sir ROBERT HOWARD, *on his excellent poems.*

As there is muſick, uninform'd by art,
In thoſe wild notes which, with a merry heart,
The birds in unfrequented ſhades expreſs,
Who, better taught at home, yet pleaſe us leſs;
So in your verſe a native ſweetneſs dwells,
Which ſhames compoſure and its art excels.
Singing no more can your ſoft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep,
Such is your Muſe: no metaphor ſwell'd high,
With dang'rous boldneſs, lifts her to the ſky:
Thoſe mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew ſand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a ſtrength, and yet withal ſo ſweet,
Did never but in Samſon's riddle meet.

* The Epiſtles are in this edition arranged according to chronological order, which was never done before, excepting in the edition of the Miſcellanies in 1760, in four volumes octavo. The Epiſtle to Mr. Julian is retained, not from any high opinion of its value, but becauſe we find it in the Miſcellanies, and cannot therefore ſuppoſe it to be an impoſition.

'Tis ſtrange each line ſo great a weight ſhould bear,
And yet no ſign of toil, no ſweat, appear.
Either your art hides art, as Stoicks feign
Then leaſt to feel when moſt they ſuffer pain,
And we, dull ſouls! admire, but cannot ſee
What hidden ſprings within the engine be;
Or 't is ſome happineſs that ſtill purſues
Each act and motion of your graceful Muſe.
Or is it Fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancies ſpread
Lets thro' its meſhes ev'ry meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that 's not all: this is a piece too fair
To be the child of Chance and not of Care.
No atoms caſually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce ſo beautiful a world:
Nor dare I ſuch a doctrine here admit
As would deſtroy the providence of Wit.
'Tis your ſtrong genius then which does not feel
Thoſe weights would make a weaker ſpirit reel.
To carry weight, and run ſo lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegaſus can do.
Great Hercules himſelf could ne'er do more
Than not to feel thoſe heav'ns and gods he bore.
Your eaſier Odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our inſtruction make their ſecond end;
We 're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
At once a beauty and a fortune too.

Of moral knowledge Poesy was queen,
And full they might, had wanton wits not been,
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at large,
And not content with that, debauch'd their charge:
Like some brave captain, your successful pen
Restores the exil'd to her crown again,
And gives us hope that, having seen the days
When nothing flourish'd but fanatick bays,
All will at length in this opinion rest,
"A sober prince's government is best."
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make th' improvement of the richest ground.
That soil which those immortal laurels bore,
That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliza's griefs are so express'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido rather than what Jove had said.
If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
Your Muse so justly has discharged those,
Eliza's shade may now its wand'ring cease,
And claim a title to the fields of Peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess,
Who, dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those virgin-robes he took.
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers with your author's view;

Then we ſhall ſee his work was lamely rough,
Each figure ſtiff, as if deſign'd in buſt;
His colours laid ſo thick on ev'ry place,
As only ſhew'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perſpective we beauties ſee,
Which in the glaſs, not in the picture, be,
So here our ſight obligingly miſtakes
That wealth which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar diſhes are, by cooks diſguis'd,
More for their dreſſing than their ſubſtance prais'd.
Your curious Notes ſo ſearch into that age,
When all was fable but the ſacred page,
That, ſince in that dark night we needs muſt ſtray,
We are at leaſt miſled in pleaſant way.
But what we moſt admire, your verſe no leſs
The prophet than the poet doth confeſs.
Ere our weak eyes diſcern'd the doubtful ſtreak
Of light, you ſaw great Charles his morning break.
So ſkilful ſeamen ken the land from far,
Which ſhews like miſts to the dull paſſenger.
To Charles your Muſe firſt pays her duteous love,
As ſtill the Ancients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whoſe name preſerv'd ſhall be,
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's int'reſt than the world to ſway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:

Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.
This work, by merit first of fame secure,
Is likewise happy in its geniture;
For since 'tis born when Charles ascends the throne,
It shares at once his fortune and its own."

II.

To my learned friend Dr. CHAPLETON, *on his learned and useful works; but more particularly his Treatise of Stone-Henge, by him restored to the true founder.*

The longest tyranny that ever sway'd,
Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd
Their freeborn reason to the Stagyrite,
And made his torch their universal light.
So truth, while only one supply'd the state,
Grew scarce and dear, and yet sophisticate.
Still it was bought, like emp'rick wares or charms,
Hard words, seal'd up with Aristotle's arms.
Columbus was the first that shook his throne,
And found a Temp'rate in a Torrid zone;
The fev'rish air, fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales set round with shady trees,
And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
Had we still paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and Nature justly claim

Nor western seas had been our utmost bound,
Where poets still might dream the sun was drown'd,
And all the stars that shine in southern skies
Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes.'
Among th' assertors of free Reason's claim
Our nation's not the least in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its present knowledge, but its future too.
Gilbert shall live till loadstones cease to draw,
Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe;
And noble Boyle, not less in Nature seen
Than his great brother read in stars and men.
The circling streams, once thought but pools of blood
(Whether life's fuel or the body's food)
From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save,
While Fate keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are you, learn'd Friend! the least renown'd,
Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with English ground,
Flies, like the nimble journies of the light,
And is like that unspent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been by Art or Chance
Redeem'd from errour or from ignorance,
Thrown in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and still discover more.
Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books as well as men.
Nor is this work the least: you well may give
To men new vigour who make stones to live

Thro' you the Danes, their short dominion lost,
A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.
Stone-Henge, once thought a temple, you have found
A throne, where kings our earthly gods were crown'd;
Where by their wond'ring subjects they were seen,
Joy'd with their stature and their princely mien.
Our Sov'reign here above the rest might stand,
And here be chose again to rule the land.
These Ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,
When he from Worc'ster's fatal battle fled,
Watch'd by the Genius of this royal place,
And mighty visions of the Danish race.
His refuge then was for a temple shown;
But, he restor'd, 't is now become a throne.

III.

To the Lady CASTLEMAIN, *upon her encouraging his first play.*

As seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore,
Discover wealth in lands unknown before,
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their mi-fortunes happily obtain;
So my much-envy'd Muse, by storms long tost,
Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,
And finds more favour by her ill success
Than she could hope for by her happiness.

ince Cato's virtue did the gods oppofe,
While they the victor, he the vanquifh'd, chofe;
But you have done what Cato could not do,
To chufe the vanquifh'd, and reftore him too.
Let others ftill triumph, and gain their cauſe
By their defects, or by the world's applauſe;
Let Merit crowns and Juſtice laurels give,
But let me, happy, by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praiſe defpiſe;
Fame is the trumpet, but your ſmile the prize.
You ſit above, and ſee vain men below
Contend for what you only can beſtow:
But thoſe great actions others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a ſoul, ſuch ſweetneſs, join'd in one,
Could only ſpring from noble Grandiſon.
You, like the ſtars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own heav'n and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a nobler cauſe,
From your own knowledge, not from Nature's laws.
Your pow'r you never uſe but for defence,
To guard your own or others' innocence:
Your foes are ſuch as they, not you, have made,
And Virtue may repel, tho' not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes ſhow,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow
With ſuch aſſurance, as they meant to ſay
We will o'ercome, but ſcorn the leaſt foul way.

What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
Posterity will judge by my success
I had the Grecian poet's happiness,
Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
Some god descended, and preserv'd the play.
When first the triumphs of your feets were sung
By those old poets, Beauty was but young,
And few admir'd the native red and white,
Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight;
So Beauty took on trust, and did engage
For sums of praises till she came to age:
But this long-growing debt to poetry
You justly Madam have discharg'd to me,
When your applause and favour did infuse
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

IV.

To Mr. LEL *on his* ALEXANDER.

The blast of common censure could I fear,
Before your play my name should not appear;
For 't will be thought, and with some colour too,
I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,
And play the game into each other's hand:
And as cheap pen'worths to ourselves afford,
As Bessus and the brothers of the sword

Such libels private men may well endure,
When ſtates and kings themſelves are not ſecure;
For ill men, conſcious of their inward guilt,
Think the beſt actions on by-ends are built,
And yet my ſilence had not 'ſcap'd their ſpite;
Then envy had not ſuffer'd me to write;
For ſince I could not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I muſt envy or commend.
So many candidates there ſtand for wit,
A place at court is ſcarce ſo hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For e'en reverſions are all begg'd before:
Deſert, how known ſoe'er, is long delay'd,
And then, too, fools and knaves are better paid.
Yet as ſome actions bear ſo great a name,
That courts themſelves are juſt for fear of ſhame;
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praiſe, and forc'd itſelf away.
'Tis here as 'tis at ſea; who fartheſt goes,
Or dares the moſt, makes all the reſt his foes.
Yet when ſome virtue much outgrows the reſt,
It ſhoots too faſt and high to be expreſt;
As his heroick worth ſtruck Envy dumb
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.
Such praiſe is your's, while you the paſſions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.

Always you warm; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, brings the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themselves all phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Unfeeling drones who praise while they accuse
The too much vigour of your youthful Muse:
That humble style which they your virtue make
Is in your pow'r; you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all but some vile poets of the crowd.
But how should any signpost dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features ev'ry bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.

V.

To the Earl of ROSCOMMON, *on his excellent Essay on Translated Verse.*

WHETHER the fruitful Nile or Tyrian shore
The seeds of arts and infant science bore,
'Tis sure the noble plant translated first
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurst

The Grecians added verſe; their tuneful tongue
Made Nature firſt, and Nature's God, their ſong.
Nor ſtopt Tranſlation here: for conqu'ring Rome,
With Grecian ſpoils, brought Grecian numbers home,
Enrich'd by thoſe Athenian Muſes more
Than all the van-quiſh'd world could yield before;
Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,
Debas'd the majeſty of verſe to rhymes:
Thoſe rude at firſt, a kind of hobbling proſe,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the cloſe.
But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkiſh ignorance,
With pauſes, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art; and Dante's poliſh'd page
Reſtor'd a ſilver not a Golden age.
Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we ſee
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be;
At beſt a pleaſing ſound and fair barbarity.
The French purſu'd their ſteps; and Britain laſt,
In manly ſweetneſs, all the reſt ſurpaſs'd.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the Britiſh loom:
The Muſes' empire is reſtor'd again
In Charles his reign, and by Roſcommon's pen:
Yet modeſtly he does his work ſurvey,
And calls a finiſh'd poem an Eſſay:

For all the needful rules are scatter'd here,
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe:
So well is art disguis'd for nature to appear.
Nor need those rules to give translation light;
His own example is a flame to bright,
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain.
How much in him may rising Ireland boast!
How much in gaining him has Britain lost!
Their island in revenge honours reclaim'd;
The more instructed we the more we disarm'd.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow,
Deriv'd from British channels long ago,
That here his conq'ring ancestors were nurst,
And Ireland but translated England first:
By this reprisal we regain our right,
Like mad the two contending nations fight;
A nobler quarrel for his native earth
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and translation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not disdain th' ingenuous praise of art!
The gen'rals thus, descending from command,
With their own toil provoke the soldiers' hand.

How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
His same augmented by an English peer!
How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves
When these translate, and teach translators too,
Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand:
Roscommon writes; to that auspicious hand,
Muse feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.
Roscommon! whom both court and camps commend,
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roscommon! first in fields of honour known,
First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown,
Who both Minerves justly makes his own,
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page:
Our English palace opens wide in state,
And without stooping they may pass the gate.

VI.

To her Royal Highness the DUCHESS, *on the memorable victory gained by the Duke over the Hollanders, [illegible] 1665; and on her [illegible] afterwards [illegible] the North.*

MADAM,

WHEN for our sakes your hero you resign'd
To swelling seas, and ev'ry faithless wind,

When you releas'd his courage, and fet free
A valour fatal to the enemy,
You lodg'd your country's cares within your breaſt,
(The manſion where ſoft Love ſhould only reſt)
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The nobleſt conqueſt you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your ſouls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love deny'd;
And 'twas for him much eaſier to ſubdue
Thoſe foes he fought with than to part from you.
That glorious day which two ſuch navies ſaw,
As each unmatch'd might to the world give law,
Neptune yet doubtful whom he ſhould obey,
Held to them both the trident of the ſea:
The winds were huſh'd, the waves in ranks were caſt,
As awfully as when God's people paſt:
Thoſe yet uncertain on whoſe ſails to blow,
Theſe where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
Then with the Duke your Highneſs rul'd the day;
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How pow'rful are chaſte vows! the wind and tide
You brib'd to combat on the Engliſh ſide.
Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
An unknown ſuccour ſent the neareſt way:
New vigour to his weary'd arms you brought,
(So Moſes was upheld while Iſr'el fought)

While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Like distant thunder on a shiny day,
For absent friends we were ashamed to fear,
When we consider'd what you venturd there.
Ships, men, and arms, our country might restore,
But such a leader could supply no more.
With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
Fortune and Victory he did pursue,
To bring them, as his slaves, to wait on you;
Thus beauty ravish'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to spread another way,
By land, your conquests, far as his by sea,
Leaving our southern clime, you march'd along
The stubborn North ten thousand Cupids strong.
Like commons the nobility resort
In crowding heaps to fill your moving court;
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like some new envoy from the distant sun;
And country-beauties by their lovers go,
Blessing themselves, and wond'ring at the show.
So when the new-born phœnix first is seen,
Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen,
And while she makes her progress thro' the East,
From every grove her num'rous train's increast;
Each Poet of the air her glory sings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

VII.

A Letter to Sir GEORGE ETHEREDGE.

To you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes should be alike.
From Tropic e'en to pole Arctic,
Since you have such a constitution,
As no where suffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of state;
And both to wives and husbands shew
The vigour of a Plenipo.
Like mighty missioner you come
Ad partes infidelium,
A work of wondrous merit sure,
So far to go, so much t' endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where sound of Cupid never came.
Less had you done, had you been sent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,
For cloves or nutmegs to the Line-a,
Or e'en for oranges to China,
That had indeed been charity,
Where lovesick ladies helpless lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor dry

But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear:
What region of the earth so dull
That is not of your labours full?
Triptolemus (so sung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But, spite of all these fable-makers,
He never sow'd on Minain acres:
No, that was left by Fate's decree
To be perform'd and sung by thee.
Thou break'st thro' forms with as much ease
As the French King thro' articles.
In grand affairs thy days are spent
In waging weighty compliment,
With such as monarchs represent.
They whom such vast fatigues attend
Want some soft minutes to unbend,
To shew the world that now and then
Great ministers are mortal men.
Then Rhenish rummers walk the round,
In bumpers ev'ry king is crown'd;
Besides those holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is sunk
That pays to make his Envoy drunk.
These Dutch delights I mention'd last
Suit not I know your English taste;
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.

Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your Excellence;
For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
His Excellence for all but sleeping.
Now, if you top in form and treat,
'Tis the sour sauce to the sweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay, here 's a harder imposition,
Which is indeed the Court's petition.
That, setting worldly pomp aside,
Which poet has at font deny'd,
You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wife negociation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree your friends will say,
The Duke St. Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
His Grace of Bucks has made a Farce;
And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearsal:
Then finish what you have began,
But scribble faster if you can:
For yet no George, to our discerning,
Has writ without a ten years' warning.

VIII.

To Mr. SOUTHERN, on his Comedy call'd The Wives' Excuse.

Some there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write while these malignant planets reign.
Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit;
And whilst it lasts let buffoonry succeed
To make us laugh for never was more need.
Farce in itself is of a nasty scent,
But the gain smells not of the excrement.
The Spanish Nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a single show;
But let a monster Muscovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit:
Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
E'en lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine,
But rest secure the readers will be thine
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiss'd,
But with a kind civility dismiss'd:
Such good manners as the wife did use,
Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.

There was a glance at parting; such a look
As bids thee not give o'er for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldſt be ſeen as well as read,
Copy one living author and one dead:
The ſtandard of thy ſtyle let Etherege be:
For wit, th' immortal ſpring of Wycherley:
Learn after both to draw ſome juſt deſign,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

IX.

To HENRY HIGDEN, *Eſq. on his tranſlation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.*

THE Grecian wits, who ſatire firſt began,
Were pleaſant Paſquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the ſtate oppreſt,
They durſt not rail; perhaps they fain'd at leaſt,
And turn'd them out of office with a jeſt.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready ſtand
The droils to clap a bawble in his hand.
Wiſe legiſlators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of Common law;
For poſture, dreſs, grimace, and affectation,
Tho' foes to ſenſe, are harmleſs to the nation.
Our laſt reduc'd it 'dint of verſe to try,
And ſatire in our court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
But had enough to meaſure an author's rage.

But your's, who liv'd in more degen'rate times,
Was forc'd to lash in deep and worry crimes.
Yet you, my Friend, have temper'd him so well,
You make him smile in spite of all his zeal;
An art peculiar to yourself alone
To join the virtues of two styles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the lib'ring world would be reliev'd;
For not to wish, or not to be deceiv'd:
Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd:
It costs our quiet and content of mind;
And when 'tis compass'd leaves a sting behind.
Suppose I had the better end o' th' staff,
Why should I help th' illnatur'd world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them who get the day;
They love the spite and mischief of the fray.
No; I have cur'd myself of that disease,
Nor will I be provok'd but when I please;
But let me half that cure to you restore,
You gave the salve, I laid it to the sore.
Our kind relief against a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our spleen away.
If all your tribes too studious of debate,
Would cease false hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fall, and lawyers be undone.

X.

To my dear friend Mr. CONGREVE, *on his Comedy called The Double Dealer.*

WELL, then, the promis'd hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conqu'ring with force of arms and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race before the flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
Like Janus, he the stubborn soil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners when the stage was rude,
And boist'rous English wit with art endu'd.
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curs'd;
The second temple was not like the first;
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length,
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base,
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space;
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He mov'd the mind, but had not pow'r to raise.
Great Johnson did by strength of judgment please;
Yet doubling Fletcher's force he wants his ease.

2

In differing talents both adorn'd their age,
One for the study, th' other for the stage:
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength, of manly Wycherley.
All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd,
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Tho' he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
Well had I been depos'd if you had reign'd:
The father had descended for the son,
For only you are fineal to the throne.
Thus when the state one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose,
But now not I, but Poetry, is curs'd,
For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.
But let 'em not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.

Yet this I prophefy; Thou ſhalt be ſeen
(Tho' with ſome ſhort parenthefis between
High on the throne of Wit, and, ſeated there,
Not mine (that's little) but thy laurel wear.
Thy firſt attempt an early promiſe made;
That early promiſe this has more than paid.
So bold, yet ſo judiciouſly, you dare,
That your leaſt praiſe is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
But genius muſt be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native ſtore,
Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakeſpeare gave as much; ſhe could not give him more.
Maintain your poſt, that's all the fame you need,
For 'tis impoſſible you ſhould proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And juſt abandoning th' ungrateful ſtage.
Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's expenſe,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom ev'ry Muſe and Grace adorn,
Whom I foreſee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my Remains; and, O defend,
Againſt your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' inſulting foe my fame purſue,
But ſhade thoſe laurels which deſcend to you,
And take for tribute what theſe lines expreſs;
You merit more, nor could my love do leſs.

XI.

To Mr. GRANVILLE, *on his excellent Tragedy called Heroick Love.*

AUSPICIOUS Poet! wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy what I muſt commend?
But ſince 'tis Nature's law in love and wit
That youth ſhould reign, and with'ring age ſubmit,
With leſs regret thoſe laurels I reſign,
Which dying on my brows revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a caſt,
And fight like Hannibal to loſe at laſt.
Young princes, obſtinate to win the prize,
Tho' yearly beaten, yearly yet they riſe:
Old monarchs, tho' ſucceſsful, ſtill in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wiſely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age
Can beſt, if any can, ſupport the ſtage,
Which ſo declines, that ſhortly we may ſee
Players and plays reduc'd to ſecond infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtleſs of renown,
They plot not on the ſtage but on the town,
And, in deſpair their empty pit to fill,
Set up ſome foreign monſter in a bill.

Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving;
And murd'ring plays, which they miscal Reviving,
Our sense is nonsense thro' their pipes convey'd;
Since can a poet know the play he made,
'Tis so disguis'd in death, nor thinks 't is he
That suffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after dress
For his own sire, the chief invited guest.
They not this of thy successful scenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted what they could not spoil.
Their setting sun still shoots a glimm'ring ray,
Like ancient Rome, majestick in decay;
And better gleanings their worn soil can boast
Than the crab-vintage of the neighb'ring coast.
This diff'rence yet the judging world will see,
Thou copiest Homer, and they copy thee.

XII.

To my friend Mr. MOTTEUX, *on his Tragedy, called Beauty in Distress.*

'Tis hard, my friend! to write in such an age
As dumns not only poets but the stage.
That sacred art, by Heav'n itself mus'd,
Which Moses, David, Solomon, have us'd.

Is now to be no more. The Muſes foes
Would ſink their Maker's praiſes into proſe.
Were they content to prune the laviſh vine
Of ſtraggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who but a madman would his thoughts defend?
All would ſubmit; for all but fools will mend:
But when to common ſenſe they give the lie,
And turn diſtorted words to blaſphemy,
They give the ſcandal, and the wiſe diſcern
Their gloſſes teach an age too apt to learn.
What I have looſely or profanely writ,
Let them to fires, their due deſert, commit:
Nor when accus'd by me let them complain;
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion, worſe than witchcraft, they purſu'd,
The pulpit preach'd the crime the people ru'd.
The ſtage was ſilenc'd, for the ſaints would ſee
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
But let us firſt reform, and then ſo live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
Our deſk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;
Ours be the practice as the precept theirs.
The moral part at leaſt we may divide,
Humility reward, and punish pride;
Ambition, int'reſt, avarice, accuſe;
Theſe are the province of a Tragick Muſe.
Theſe haſt thou choſen; and the publick voice
Has ſquar'd thy performance with thy choice.

Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee,
That e'en Corneille might with envy see
The alliance of his tripled Unity.
Thy incidents perhaps too thick are sown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At least but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in design, and Wycherley in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee if they dare,
Contented to be thinly regular.
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue enfeebled is refin'd too much,
And like pure gold it bends at ev'ry touch:
Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd with
But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou alone, Fallay.
To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder that a foreign guest
Should overmatch the most and match the best.
In universal praising thy defects I wrong,
Here find the first deficience of our tongue;
Words, once my flock, are wanting to command
So great a poet and so good a friend.

XIII.

To the Duchess of YORK, *on her return from Scotland in the year* 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The Queen of Beauty and the Court of Love,
The Muses droop'd with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts,
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deserts turn'd,
Like Eden's face when banish'd Man it mourn'd.
Love was no more when Loyalty was gone
The great supporter of his awful throne.
Love could no longer after beauty stay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the sun and he had lost their way.
But now th' illustrious Nymph return'd again,
Brings ev'ry grace triumphant in her train.
The wond'ring Nereids, tho' they rais'd no storm,
Forslow'd her passage to behold her form.
Some crv'd, a Venus; some, a Thetis, past;
But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride,
And Envy did but look on her and dy'd.
Whate'er we suffer'd from her fallen fate,
Her flight is purchas'd at an easy rate.
Three gloomy years against this day were set,
But this one bright sun has clear'd the debt:

Like Joſeph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine paſt, the plenty ſtill to come.
For her the weeping heav'ns become ſerene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green;
For her the nightingales are taught to ſing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the ſpring.
The Muſe reſumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love reſtor'd his ancient realm ſurveys,
Recalls our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waſte dominions peoples once again,
And from her preſence dates his ſecond reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead ſit,
Diſpenſing what ſhe never will admit;
Pleaſing, yet cold, like Cynthia's ſilver beam,
The people's wonder and the poet's theme.
Diſtemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more ſhall vex the church and tear the ſtate;
No more ſhall Faction civil diſcords move,
Or only diſcords of too tender love;
Diſcord like that of muſick's various parts;
Diſcord that makes the harmony of hearts;
Diſcord that only this diſpute ſhall bring,
Who beſt ſhall love the Duke and ſerve the King.

XIV

To my honoured kinsman, JOHN DRYDEN *of Chesterton, in the county of Huntingdon, Esq.*

How blest is he who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares and void of strife!
Who, studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age!
All who deserve his love he makes his own,
And to be lov'd himself needs only to be known.
Just, good and wise, contending neighbours come
From your award to wait their final doom,
And, long before, return in friendship home.
Without their cost you terminate the cause,
And save th' expense of long litigious laws,
Where suits are travers'd, and so little won,
That he who conquers is but last undone.
Such are not your decrees; but, so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind,
Like your own soul serene, a pattern of your mind.
Composing concord, and composing strife,
Lord of yourself, unnumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight:
Hearts are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first,
Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were curst;

For man and woman, tho' in one they grow,
Yet firſt or laſt return again to two:
He to God's image, ſhe to his was made;
So farther from the fount the ſtream at random ſtray'd.
How could he ſtand when, put to double pain,
He muſt a weaker than himſelf ſuſtain?
Each might have ſtood perhaps; but, each alone!
Two wreſtlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my verſe would blemiſh all the fair;
But yet if ſome be bad 't is wiſdom to beware;
And better than the bait than ſtruggle in the ſnare.
Thus have you ſhunn'd, and ſhun the marry'd ſtate,
Truſting as little as you can to Fate.
No porter guards the paſſage of your door
T' admit the wealthy and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart
To ſanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heav'n, who foreſaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the ſecond ſon a bleſſing brought:
The firſt begotten had his father's ſhare,
But you like Jacob are Rebecca's heir.
So may your ſtores and fruitful fields increaſe,
And ever be you bleſs'd who live to bleſs.
As Ceres ſow'd where'er her chariot flew;
As Heav'n in deſerts rain'd the bread of dew;
So, free to many, to relations moſt,
You feed with manna your own Iſrael hoſt.

With crowds attended of your ancient race
You ſeek the champion ſports or ſylvan chaſe:
With well-breath'd beagles you ſurround the wood,
E'er then induſtrious of the common good;
And often have you brought the wily fox
To ſuffer for the firſtlings of the flocks;
Chas'd e'en amid the folds, and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murd'rous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd,
Not yet by years extinguiſh'd, tho' reſtrain'd;
You ſeaſon ſtill with ſports your ſerious hours,
For age but taſtes of pleaſures, youth devours.
The hare in paſtures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round,
And, after all his wand'ring ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Juſt as the ſetting meets the riſing ſun.
Thus princes eaſe their cares; but happier he
Who ſeeks not pleaſure thro' neceſſity,
Than ſuch as once on ſlipp'ry thrones were plac'd,
And chaſing, ſigh to think themſelves are chas'd.
So liv'd our fires ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The firſt phyſicians by debauch were made;
Exceſs began, and ſloth ſuſtains the trade.
Pity the gen'rous kind their cares beſtow
To ſearch forbidden truths; (a fin to know)

To which if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain:
In vain the leech would interpose delay;
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.
What help from Art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save;
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples ev'ry grave,
And no more mercy to mankind will use
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muse.
Wouldst thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole?
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy soul.
By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,
Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood;
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.
The tree of Knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste:
O had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,
He first had sought the better plant of Life!
Now both are lost; yet, wand'ring in the dark,
Physicians for the tree have found the bark:
They, lab'ring for relief of humankind,
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find:
Th'[illegible] pothe[illegible] are [illegible] blind.

From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.
Garth, gen'rous as his Muse, prescribes and gives;
The snopman sells, and by destruction lives.
Ungrateful tribe! who like the viper's brood,
From medicine issuing suck their mother's blood!
Let these obey, and let the learn'd prescribe,
That men may die without a double bribe;
Let them, but under their superiours, kill
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill.
He scapes the best who, nature to repair,
Draws physick from the fields in draughts of vital air.
You heard not health for your own private use,
But on the publick spend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And sends to senates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more shuns, and none can better bear,
Where could they find another form'd to sit
To poise with solid sense a sprightly wit?
Were these both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could so firm integrity be found?
Well-born and wealthy, wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court;
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give what publick needs require.
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade,
And part employ'd to roll the wat'ry trade.

Even Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a ſabbath-year to mend the meagre ſoil.
Good ſenators (and ſuch as you) ſo give
That kings may be ſupply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wiſe,
Who ſlights not foreign aids nor overbuys,
But on our native ſtrength in time of needs relies.
Monſter was bought: we boaſt not the ſucceſs;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want is like to laſt;
Which if ſecure ſecurely we may trade;
Or, not ſecure, ſhould never have been made.
Safe in ourſelves, while on ourſelves we ſtand,
The ſea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be then the naval ſtores the nation's care,
New ſhips to build, and batter'd to repair.
Obſerve the war in ev'ry annual courſe;
What has been done was done with Britiſh force.
Namure ſubdu'd is England's palm alone;
The reſt beſieg'd, but we conſtrain'd the town.
We ſaw th' event that follow'd our ſucceſs;
France, tho' pretending arms, purſu'd the peace;
Oblig'd by one ſole treaty to reſtore
What twenty years of wars had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought;
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.

When once the Perſian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight;
Themſelves their own mortality confeſt,
And left the ſon of Jove to quarrel for the reſt.
E'en victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While ſore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why ſhould we tempt the doubtful die agen?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of ſucceſs,
Sure of a ſhare as umpires of the peace.
A patriot both the king and country ſerves,
Prerogative and privilege preſerves;
Of each our laws the certain limit ſhow;
One muſt not ebb, nor th' other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we ſtand,
The barriers of the ſtate on either hand;
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bleſs'd abode,
Like thoſe that water'd once the Paradiſe of God.
Some overpoiſe of ſway by turns they ſhare,
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Conſuls of mod'rate pow'r in calms were made:
When the Gauls came one ſole Dictator ſway'd.
Patriots in peace aſſert the people's right,
With noble ſtubbornneſs reſiſting might;
No lawleſs mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.

Such was your gen'rous grandsire; free to grant
In parliaments that weigh'd their prince's want;
But so tenacious of the common cause
As not to lend the king against his laws;
And in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And sham'd Oppression till it set him free.
O true descendent of a patriot line!
Who while thou shar'st their bistre send'st them thine,
Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see;
'Tis so far good as it resembles thee:
The beauties to th' original I owe,
Which when I miss my own defects I show:
Nor think the kindred Muses thy disgrace;
A poet is not born in ev'ry race:
Two of a house few ages can afford,
One to perform, another to record.
Praise-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd,
And 'tis my praise to make thy praises last:
For ev'n when death dissolves our human frame,
The soul returns to Heav'n from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, Verse preserves the fame.

XV.

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, *principal painter to his Majesty.*

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my mind:
True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue;
But smiling said, She still shall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
Such are thy pictures, Kneller! such thy skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to speak her thought.
At least thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine sounds; deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 't is somewhat more than just to see.
Shadows are but privations of the light,
Yet when we walk they shoot before the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expelling all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife,
And from their animated canvass came
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;

And either would thy nobler work inspire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.
But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise,
This is the least attendant on thy praise:
From hence the rudiments of Art began;
A coal or chalk first imitated man:
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original,
Ere canvass yet was stain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.
By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew polish'd picture was enhanc'd.
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective,
And then the mimick-piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
But all came forward in one common view;
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there it knew not to depart,
But glaring, on remoter objects play'd,
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.
Rome rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive,
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface;
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.

Thus in a stupid military state
The pen and pencil find an equal fate:
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
Crowded, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of rural nations only born to fight.
Long time the Sister Arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy fat bath did supinely keep;
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence rose the Roman and the Lombard line,
One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's like Homer's was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both: where true design,
Postures unfore'd, and lively colours join,
Likeness is ever there: but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest,
Where light, to shades descending, plays, not strives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Shakespeare, thy gift, I place before my sight;
With awe I ask his blessing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majestick face,
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me while thy praise I write,
And I like Teucer under Ajax fight:

Bids thee thro' me be bold; with dauntleſs breaſt
Contemn the bad and emulate the beſt.
Like his, thy critticks in th' attempt are loſt;
When moſt they rail know then they envy moſt.
In vain they ſnarl aloof; a noiſy crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren induſtry deplore,
Paſs on ſecure, and mind the goal before.
Old as ſhe is, my Muſe ſhall march behind,
Bear off the blaſt, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are ſiſters, tho' not twins in birth,
For hymns were ſung in Eden's happy earth:
But, oh! the Painter-muſe, tho' laſt in place,
Has ſeiz'd the bleſſing firſt, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found,
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound,
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadſt thy Charles awhile, and ſo had I;
But paſs we that unpleaſing image by.
Rich in thyſelf, and of thyſelf divine,
All pilgrims come and offer at thy ſhrine,
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themſelves go moulded from thy hand.
Likeneſs appears in ev'ry lineament;
But likeneſs in thy work is eloquent.
Tho' Nature there her true reſemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.

So warm thy work, so glows the gen'rous frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still
When on wild Nature we ingraft our skill,
But not creating beauties at our will.
But poets are confin'd in narrower space
To speak the language of their native place;
The painter widely stretches his command;
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of ev'ry land.
From hence, my friend! all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations, all immunities, will give
To make you theirs where'er you please to live,
And not sev'n cities, but the world, would strive.
Sure some propitious planet then did smile
When first you were conducted to this isle:
Our Genius brought you here t'enlarge our fame,
For your good stars are ev'ry where the same;
Thy matchless hand, of ev'ry region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.
Great Rome and Venice early did in part
To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.
Those masters then, but seen, not understood,
With gen'rous emulation fir'd thy blood;
For what in Nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.
If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,
Disturb [illegible], not [illegible]

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a song or senseless opera
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a single piece to History.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live;
Kings cannot reign unless their subjects give;
And they who pay the taxes bear the rule:
Thus thou sometimes art forc'd to draw a fool;
But so his follies in thy posture sink,
The senseless idiot seems at last to think.

Good Heav'n! that fops and knaves should be so vain
To wish their vile resemblance may remain!
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days a libel or a jest!

Else should we see your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place;
A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best,
With ev'ry various character express;
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew;
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main design.

More cannot be by mortal Art express,
But venerable Age shall add the rest:

For Time shall with his ready pencil stand,
Retouch your figures with his rip'ning hand,
Mellow your colours, and inbrown the print,
Add ev'ry grace which Time alone can grant;
To future ages shall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

XVI.

A familiar Epistle to Mr. JULIAN, *Secretary of the Stinks.*

Thou common shore of this poetick Town,
Where all the excrements of wit are thrown,
For fonnet, satire, bawdry, blasphemy,
Are empty'd and disburden'd all in thee;
The chol'rick wight, untrussing all in rage,
Finds thee, and lays his load upon thy page.
Thou, Julian! or thou wilt Vespasian rather,
Dost from this dung thy well-pick'd guineas gather;
All mischief's thine; transcribing thou wilt stoop
From lofty Middleton to lowly Scroop.
What times are these when, in the hero's room,
Bow-bending Cupid doth with ballads come,
And little Tom offers to the bum?
Can two such pigmies such a weight support,
Two such Tom Thumbs of satire in a court!
Poor George grows old, his Muse worn out of fashion,
Hoarsely he sung Isabella's Lamentation,

Less art thou help'd by Dryden's bedrid age,
That drone has lost his sting upon the stage.
Resolve me, poor Apostate! this my doubt,
What hope hast thou to rub this winter out?
Know, and be thankful then, for Providence
By me hath sent thee this intelligence.
A knight there is, if thou canst gain his grace,
Known by the name of the Hard-favour'd Face,
For prowess of the pen renown'd is he,
From Don Quixote descended lineally;
And tho', like him, unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in attempts of wit and love:
Of his unfinish'd face what shall I say,
But that 't was made of Adam's own red clay?
That much, much ochre was on it bestow'd;
God's image 't is not, but some Indian god,
Our Christian earth can no resemblance bring,
But ware of Portugal, for such a thing.
Such carbuncles his fiery face confess,
As no Hungarian water can redress;
A face which, should he see, (but Heav'n was kind,
And to indulge his self Love made him blind)
He durst not stir abroad for fear to meet
Curses of teeming women in the street:
The best could happen from this hideous sight,
Is that they should miscarry with the fright —
Heav'n guard 'em from the likeness of the knight.

Such is our charming Strephon's outward man,
His inward parts let thoſe diſcloſe who can.
One while he honoureth Birtha with his flame,
And now he chants no leſs Lovila's name;
For when his paſſion hath been bubbling long,
The ſcum at laſt boils up into a ſong;
And ſure no mortal creature at one time
Was e'er ſo far o'ergone with love and rhyme.
To his dear ſelf of poetry he talks,
His hands and feet are ſcanning as he walks;
His writhing looks his pangs of wit accuſe,
The airy ſymptoms of a breeding Muſe,
And all to gain the great Lovila's grace,
But never pen did pimp for ſuch a face.
There's not a nymph in city, town, or court,
But Strephon's billet-doux has been their ſport.
Still he loves on, yet ſtill he's ſure to miſs,
As they who waſh an Ethiop's face or his.
What fate unhappy Strephon does attend
Never to get a miſtreſs nor a friend?
Strephon alike both wits and fools deteſt,
Cauſe he's like Æſop's bat, half bird half beaſt;
For fools to poetry have no pretence,
And common wit ſuppoſes common ſenſe:
Not quite ſo low as fool, nor quite a top,
He hangs between them both, and is a fop.
His morals, like his wit, are motley too;
He keeps from arrant knave with much ado;

But vanity and lying so prevail,
That one grain more of each would turn the scale.
He would be more a villain had he time,
But he 's so wholly taken up with rhyme,
That he mistakes his talent: all his care
Is to be thought a Poet fine and fair.
Small beer and gruel are his meat and drink,
The diet he prescribes himself to think:
Rhyme, next his heart, he takes at the morn peep,
Some love-epistles at the hour of sleep:
So, betwixt elegy and ode, we see
Strephon is in a course of poetry.
This is the man ordain'd to do thee good,
The pelican to feed thee with his blood:
Thy wit, thy poet, nay, thy friend; for he
Is fit to be a friend to none but thee.
Make sure of him, and of his Muse, betimes,
For all his study is hung round with rhymes.
Laugh at him, jostle him, yet still he writes;
In rhyme he challenges, in rhyme he fights:
Charg'd with the last and basest infamy,
His business is to think what rhymes to lie;
Which found, in fury he retorts again;
Strephon 's a very dragon at his pen:
His brother murder'd, and his mother whor'd,
His wife's lost, and yet his pen 's his sword.

XVII.

To her Grace the Duchess of ORMOND, *with the Author's Translations of Palamon and Arcite.*

MADAM,

THE bard who first adorn'd our native tongue,
Tun'd to his British lyre this ancient song,
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse:
He match'd their beauties where they most excel,
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond! to behold
What pow'r the charms of beauty had of old,
Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done,
Inspir'd by two fair eyes that foar'led like your own.
If Chaucer by the best idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The fairest nymph before his eyes he set,
And then the fairest was Plantagenet,
Who three contending princes made their prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes,
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the noblest Order gave the name.
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests and extend your own.
As when the stars in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the heavenly space,
At certain periods they return to place,

From the ſame point of heav'n their courſe advance,
And move in meaſures of their former dance;
Thus after length of ages ſhe returns,
Reſtor'd in you, and the ſame place adorns;
Or you perform her office in the ſphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new Platonick year.
O true Plantagenet! O race divine!
(For beauty ſtill is fatal to the line)
Had Chaucer liv'd that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the Knight;
And conqu'ring Theſeus from his ſide had ſent
Your gen'rous lord to guide the Theban government.
Time ſhall accompliſh that; and I ſhall ſee
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the Fates your path prepar'd,
And ſure preſage your future ſway declar'd.
When weſtward, like the ſun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the ſignal from the ſhore,
The ready Nereids heard, and ſwam before
To ſmooth the ſeas; a ſoft Etеſian gale
But juſt inſpir'd, and gently ſwell'd the ſail:
Portunus took his turn, whoſe ample hand
Heav'd up the lighten'd keel, and ſunk the ſand,
And ſteer'd the ſacred veſſel ſafe to land.

The land, if not restrain'd, had met your way,
Projected out a neck, and jutted to the sea.
Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, ador'd,
In you, the pledge of her expected lord,
Due to her isle; a venerable name
His father and his grandsire known to fame:
Aw'd by that house, accustom'd to command,
The sturdy Kerns in due subjection stand,
Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand.
At your approach they crowded to the port,
And, scarcely landed, you create a court:
As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run;
For Venus is the promise of the Sun.
The waste of Civil wars their towns destroy'd,
Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.
Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought;
So mighty recompence your beauty brought.
As when the dove, returning, bore the mark
Of earth restor'd to the long-lab'ring ark,
The relicks of mankind, secure of rest,
Ope'd ev'ry window to receive the guest,
And the fair bearer of the message blest:
So when you came, with loud repeated cries
The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And God advanc'd his rainbow in the skies,

To ſign inviolable peace reſtor'd;
The ſaints with ſolemn ſhouts proclaim the new accord.
When at your ſecond coming you appear,
(For I foretel that millenary year)
The ſharpen'd ſhare ſhall vex the ſoil no more,
But Earth unbidden ſhall produce her ſtore:
The land ſhall laugh, the circling Ocean ſmile,
And Heav'n's indulgence bleſs the holy iſle.
Heav'n from all ages has reſerv'd for you
That happy clime which venom never knew;
Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have pow'r to chaſe all poiſon but their own.
Now in this interval which Fate has caſt
Betwixt your future glories and your paſt,
This pauſe of pow'r, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn,
While England celebrates your ſafe return,
By which you ſeem the ſeaſons to command,
And bring our ſummers back to their forſaken land.
The vanquiſh'd iſle our leiſure muſt attend,
Till the fair bleſſing we vouchſafe to ſend;
Nor can we ſpare you long, tho' often we may lend.
The dove was twice employ'd abroad before
The world was dry'd, and ſhe return'd no more.
Nor dare we truſt ſo ſoft a meſſenger,
Now from her ſickneſs, to that Northern air;
Reſt here awhile, your luſtre to reſtore,
That they may ſee you as you ſhone before;

For yet th' eclipſe not wholly paſt, you wade
Thro' ſome remains and dimneſs of a ſhade.
A ſubject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor ſuffer him with ſtrength impair'd to fight:
Till force returns his ardour we reſtrain,
And curb his warlike wiſh to croſs the main.
Now paſt the danger, let the learn'd begin
Th' inquiry, where diſeaſe could enter in?
How thoſe malignant atoms forc'd their way? [prey?
What in the faultleſs frame they found to make their
Where ev'ry element was weigh'd ſo well,
That Heav'n alone who mix'd the maſs could tell
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
And where, impriſon'd in ſo ſweet a cage,
A ſoul might well be pleas'd to paſs an age.
And yet the fine materials made it weak;
Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
E'en to your breaſt the ſickneſs durſt aſpire,
And, forc'd from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely ſet the holy place on fire.
In vain your lord, like young Veſpaſian, mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the ſanctuary burn'd;
And I prepar'd to pay in verſe rude
A moſt deteſted act of gratitude.
E'en this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow.
Your angel ſure our Morley's mind inſpir'd,
To find the remedy your ill required

As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolomee:
Or Heav'n, which had such over-coft beftow'd,
As fcare it could afford to flefh and blood,
So lik'd the frame, he would not work anew
To fave the charges of another you.
Or by his middle fcience did he fteer,
And faw fome great contingent good appear,
Well worth a miracle to keep you here!
And for that end preferv'd the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;
And meditated, in his better mind,
An heir from you who may redeem the failing kind.
Blefs'd be the pow'r which has at once reftor'd
The hopes of loft fucceffion to your lord!
Joy to the firft and laft of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to fee,
To you the Graces, and the Muſe to me!
O daughter of the Rofe! whofe cheeks unite
The diff'ring titles of the Red and White;
Who heav'n's alternate beauty well difplay,
The bluſh of Morning and the Milky way;
Whofe face is paradife, but fenc'd from fin,
For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.
All is your lord's alone; e'en abfent he
Employs the care of chafte Penelope.
For him you waſte in tears your widow'd hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flow'rs

Such works of old imperial dames were taught;
Such for Afcanius fair Eliza wrought.
The ſoft receſſes of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your Ormond nothing but a ſon,
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

PROLOGUES*.

I

PROLOGUE. *Spoken the first day of the King's house acting after the fire.*

So shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they stand
Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a desert shore.
From that hard climate we must wait for bread,
Whence e'en the natives forc'd by hunger fled.
Our stage does human chance present to view,
But ne'er before was seen so sadly true.
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
While you the founders make yourselves the guests.
Of all mankind beside Fate had some care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare;
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cherish'd it, and now it's fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their scorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.

* These Prologues and Epilogues are, as nearly as we could prove, here printed in their order of time; and for the dates of many of them we are particularly obliged to Mr. Garrick, who, with great civility, gave us the use of his fine collection of old Quarto Plays. *Malone.* [illegible]

But as our new-built City rises higher,
So from old theatres may new aspire,
Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire,
Our great Metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was.
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And like a king should in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed.
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

II.

PROLOGUE. *Spoken at the opening of the New house. March* 26, 1674.

A NEW built house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfy'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is design'd.
You who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded stage will scorn we fear,
And for the homely room disdain the cheer.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain suit (since we can make but one)
Is better than to be by tarnish'd gaud'ry known.
They who are by your favours wealthy made
With mighty fools may carry on the trade:

We, broken bankers, half deſtroy'd by fire,
With our ſmall ſtock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loſs, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to ſupport their vaſt expenſe,
Who build and treat with ſuch magnificence,
That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial ſtage.
Great neighbours enviouſly promote excels,
While they impoſe their ſplendour on the leſs.
But only fools, and they of vaſt eſtate,
Th' extremity of modes will imitate;
The dangling knee-fringe and the bib-cravat.
Yet if ſome pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainneſs may be juſtly proud:
Our royal Maſter will'd it ſhould be ſo;
Whate'er he 's pleas'd to own can need no ſhow:
That ſacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his ſtamp, makes baſeſt metals paſs.
'Twere folly now a ſtately pile to raiſe,
To build a playhouſe while you throw down plays;
While ſcenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen diſdain;
While troops of famiſh'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe alms they live,
Old Engliſh authors vaniſh, and give place
To theſe new conqu'rors of the Norman race:

More tamely than your fathers you ſubmit;
You 're now grown vaſſals to 'em in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the cadence.
Well, pleaſe yourſelves; but ſure 'tis underſtood
That French machines have ne'er done England good.
I would not prophecy our Houſe's fate;
But while vain ſhows and ſcenes you overrate,
'Tis to be fear'd—
That as a fire the former Houſe o'erthrew,
Machines and Tempeſts will deſtroy the New.

III.

PROLOGUE *to the Univerſity of Oxford*, 1674. *Spoken by Mr. Hart.*

Poets, your ſubjects, have their parts aſſign'd
T' unbend and to divert the ſov'reign's mind:
When, tir'd with following Nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool ſhades of Wit,
And, from the ſweet retreat, with joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way:
Here, free yourſelves from envy, care, and ſtrife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our ſcene, thro' dang'rous courts you go,
And undebauch'd the vice of cities know.

Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanick operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you ſet,
As once the ſphere of cryſtal ſhew'd the great.
Bleſs'd ſure are you above all mortal kind
If to your fortunes you can ſuit your mind;
Content to ſee, and ſhun thoſe ills we ſhow,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit,
That Shakeſpeare's, Fletcher's, and great Johnſon's claim
May be renew'd from thoſe who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear,
For Muſes ſo ſevere are worſhipp'd here,
That, conſcious of their faults, they ſhun the eye,
And, as profane, from ſacred places fly,
Rather than ſee th' offended God and die.
We bring no imperfections but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers ſhown:
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt
The greateſt judges ſtill can pardon moſt.
Poets muſt ſtoop when they would pleaſe our pit,
Debas'd even to the level of their wit;
Diſdaining that which yet they know will take,
Hating themſelves what their applauſe muſt make:
But when to praiſe from you they would aſpire,
Tho' they like eagles mount your Jove is higher.

So far your knowledge all their pow'r tranſcends,
As what ſhould be beyond what is extends.

IV.

PROLOGUE *to* CIRCE. *By Dr.* DAVENANT, 1675.

WERE you but half ſo wiſe as your're ſevere,
Our youthful poet ſhould not need to fear;
To his green years your cenſures you would ſuit,
Not blaſt the bloſſom, but expect the fruit.
The ſex that beſt does pleaſure underſtand
Will always chuſe to err on th' other hand:
They check not him that's awkward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek and ſet him right.
Thus hearten'd well, and fleſh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben. and Fletcher, in their firſt young flight,
Did no Volpone nor no Arbaces write;
But hopp'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of ſome ſlighted maid.
Shakeſpeare's own Muſe her Pericles firſt bore;
The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moore.
'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good play:
All hawthorns do not bloom on Chriſtmas-day.
A ſlender poet muſt have time to grow,
And ſpread and burniſh as his brothers do.

Who still looks lean sure with some pox is curst:
But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.
Then damn not but indulge his rude essays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise,
That he may get more bulk before he dies;
He 's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write and you to judge.

V.

PROLOGUE *to* CÆSAR BORGIA. *By Mr.* N. LEE, 1680.

Th' unhappy man who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to please himself but other men;
Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praise soe'er the poetry deserve,
Yet ev'ry fool can bid the poet starve.
That fumbling lecher to revenge is bent,
Because he thinks himself or whore is meant.
Name but a cuckold, all the City swarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms.
Were there no fear of Antichrist or France,
In the bless'd time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careless and qualmish, with a yawning face.

You sleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Most of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of some prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourselves and all the world beside.
One theatre there is of vast resort,
Which whilom of Requests was call'd the Court,
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon till night:
Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face:
So big you look, tho' claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.
But all your entertainment still is fed
By villains in your own dull island bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To shew you better rogues upon the stage.
You know no poison but plain ratsbane here;
Death's more refin'd and better bred elsewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy,
By smelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by.
Murder's a trade so known and practis'd there
That 'tis infallible as is the Chair:
But, mark their end, you shall behold such pranks;
The Pope says grace, but 'tis the Devil gives thanks.

H iij

VI.

PROLOGUE *to* SOPHONISBA. *At Oxford*, 1683.

THESPIS, the firſt profeſſor of our art,
At country-wakes ſung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no treſpaſs,
Dicitur et plaſtris vexiſſe poemata Thespis.
But Æſchylus, ſays Horace, in ſome page,
Was the firſt mountebank that trode the ſtage.
Yet Athens never knew your learned ſpirit
Of toſſing poets in a tennis-court.
But 'tis the talent of our Engliſh nation
Still to be plotting ſome new reformation:
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Preſbyter ſhall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And ev'ry prayer be longer than a play.
Then all your Heathen wits ſhall go to pot
For diſbelieving of a Popiſh plot;
Your poets ſhall be us'd like infidels,
And worſt the author of the Oxford Bells:
Nor ſhould we 'ſcape the ſentence to depart,
E'en in our firſt original, a cart.
No zealous brother there would want a ſtone
To maul us cardinals, and pelt Pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be ſuppreſt,
Rags of the Whore, and trappings of the Beaſt:

Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, muſt go down,
As chief ſupporters of the Triple crown;
And Ariſtotle's for deſtruction ripe;
Some ſay he call'd the ſoul an Organ-pipe,
Which, by ſome little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inſpiration.

VII.

A PROLOGUE.

If yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reaſonable men ſhould write,
To them alone we dedicate this night;
The reſt may ſatisfy their curious itch
With city Gazettes or ſome factious ſpeech,
Or whate'er libel, for the publick good,
Stirs up the Shrove-tide crew to fire and blood
Remove your benches, you apoſtate pit,
And take above twelve pennyworth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or ſee what's worſe, the Devil and the Pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted ſtage
Methinks reſemble the diſtracted age;
Noiſe, madneſs, all unreaſonable things,
That ſtrike at ſenſe as rebels do at kings.
The ſtyle of Forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like Forty-eight.

Such cenſures our miſtaking audience make,
That 't is almoſt grown ſcandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonſenſe is the new diſeaſe that reigns.
Weak ſtomachs, with a long diſeaſe oppreſt,
Cannot the cordials of ſtrong wit digeſt;
Therefore thin nouriſhment of Farce ye chuſe,
Decoctions of a barley-water Muſe;
A meal of Tragedy would make you ſick,
Unleſs it were a very tender chick:
Some ſcenes in ſippets would be worth your time;
Thoſe would go down; ſome love that 's poach'd in [rhyme.
If theſe ſhould fail——
We muſt lie down, and after all our coſt,
Keep holyday, like watermen in froſt,
While you turn players on the world's great ſtage,
And act yourſelves the farce of your own age.

VIII.

PROLOGUE *to the University of Oxford*, 1681.

The fam'd Italian Muſe, whoſe rhymes advance
Orlando and the Paladins of France,
Records that, when our wit and ſenſe is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon
In earthen jars, which one, who thither ſoar'd,
Set to his noſe, ſnuff'd up, and was reſtor'd.

Whate'er the ſtory be the moral's true;
The wit we loſt in Town we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with ſober ſenſe.
When London votes with Southwark's diſagree,
Here may they find their long-loſt loyalty.
Her huſy ſenates, to th' old cauſe inclin'd,
May ſnuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
May come and find their laſt proviſion here;
Whereas we cannot much lament our loſs,
Who neither carry'd back nor brought one croſs.
We look'd what repreſentatives would bring,
But they help'd us juſt as they did the King.
Yet we deſpair not; for we now lay forth
The Sibyls' books to thoſe who know their worth,
And tho' the firſt was ſacrific'd before,
Thoſe volumes doubly will the price reſtore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long preſcription you are kind.
He whoſe undaunted Muſe, with loyal rage,
Has never ſpar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his ſpleen can raiſe,
Is forc'd to turn his ſatire into praiſe.

IX.

PROLOGUE *to his* ROYAL HIGHNESS *upon his firſt appearance at the Duke's Theatre, after his return from Scotland*, 1682.

In thoſe cold regions which no ſummers cheer,
Where brooding Darkneſs covers half the year,
To hollow caves the ſhiv'ring natives go,
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of ſnow;
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And ſtars grow paler at th' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run,
Happy who firſt can ſee the glimm'ring ſun;
The ſurly ſavage offspring diſappear,
And curſe the bright ſucceſſour of the year.
Yet tho' rough bears in covert ſeek defence,
White foxes ſtay with ſeeming innocence;
That crafty kind with daylight can diſpenſe.
Still we are throng'd ſo full with Reynard's race,
That loyal ſubjects ſcarce can find a place.
Thus modeſt Truth is caſt behind the crowd;
Truth ſpeaks too low, Hypocriſy too loud.
Let 'em be firſt to flatter in ſucceſs;
Duty can ſtay, but Guilt has need to preſs.
Once, when true zeal the ſons of God did call,
To make their ſolemn ſhew at Heav'n's Whitehall,
The fawning Devil appear'd among the reſt,
And made as good a courtier as the beſt.

The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more:
Yet late repentance may perhaps be true,
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue.
A tyrant's pow'r in rigour is expreſt;
The father yearns in the true prince's breaſt.
We grant an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;
But moſt are babes that know not they offend.
The crowd, to reſtleſs motion ſtill inclin'd,
Are clouds that tack according to the wind.
Driv'n by their chiefs they ſtorms of hailſtones pour,
Then mourn, and ſoften to a ſilent ſhow'r.
O welcome to this much-offending land,
The Prince that brings forgiveneſs in his hand!
Thus angels on glad meſſages appear;
Their firſt ſalute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heav'n, that could conſtrain us to obey,
(With rev'rence if we might preſume to ſay)
Seems to relax the rights of ſov'reign ſway;
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And make us happy by our own free-will.

X.

PROLOGUE *to* THE EARL OF ESSEX. *By Mr.* J. BANKS, 1682. *Spoken to the King and the Queen at their coming to the houſe.*

When firſt the ark was landed on the ſhore,
And Heav'n had vow'd to curſe the ground no more,

When tops of hills the longing patriarch ſaw,
And the new ſcene of earth began to draw,
The dove was ſent to view the waves' decreaſe,
And firſt brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needleſs to apply, when thoſe appear
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the Royal dove,
Still innocent as harbinger to Love:
The ark is open'd to diſmiſs the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye Pow'rs! why ſhould vain man purſue,
With endleſs toil, each object that is new,
And for the ſeeming ſubſtance leave the true?
Why ſhould he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loathe the manna of his daily food?
Muſt England ſtill the ſcene of changes be,
Toſs'd, and tempeſtuous, like our ambient ſea?
Muſt ſtill our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a ſlave?
Or, what can wars to after-times aſſure,
Of which our preſent age is not ſecure?
All that our Monarch would for us ordain
Is but t' enjoy the bleſſings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preſerve our ſtate of innocence:
That loſt, then beaſts their brutal force employ,
And firſt their lord and then themſelves deſtroy.

What Civil broils have coſt we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell,
And ev'ry heart conſpire, and ev'ry tongue,
Still to have ſuch a King, and this King long.

XI.

PROLOGUE to THE LOYAL BROTHER: or, THE PERSIAN PRINCE. *By Mr.* SOUTHERN, 1682.

Poets, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the ſtage,
Till criticks like damn'd Whigs debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: criticks would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our ſtate:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot 'em!) hate.
The critick humbly ſeems advice to bring,
The fawning Whig petitions, to the King:
But one's advice into a ſatire ſlides;
Th' other's petition a remonſtrance hides.
Theſe will no taxes give, and thoſe no pence;
Criticks would ſtarve the poet, Whigs the prince.
The critick all our troops of friends diſcards;
Juſt ſo the Whig would fain pull down the Guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful ſhepherds that fright beaſts of prey.
Kings, who diſband ſuch needleſs aids as theſe,
Are ſafe—as long as e'er their ſubjects pleaſe,
And that would be till next Queen Beſs's night,
Which thus grave penny chroniclers endite.

Sir Edmond Bury firſt, in woful wiſe,
Leads up the ſhow, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And with a civil congé does retire.
But guiltleſs blood to ground muſt never fall;
There's Antichriſt behind to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of ſeventy years,
Whoſe age in vain our mercy would implore,
For few take pity on an old caſt whore.
The devil, who brought him to the ſhame, takes part,
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart,
Like thief and parſon in a Tyburn-cart.
The word is giv'n, and, with a loud huzza,
The mitred puppet from his chair they draw:
On the ſlain corpſe contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor Pope among 'em all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring;
And next (for faſhion) cry, God ſave the King.
A needful cry in midſt of ſuch alarms,
When forty thouſand men are up in arms.
But after he's once ſav'd, to make amends,
In each ſucceeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but ſtill the Devil ends.
What if ſome one, inſpir'd with zeal, ſhould call,
"Nay, let's go cry God ſave him, at Whitehall!"

His beſt friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the ſafer for this pray'r.
Five praying ſaints are by an act allow'd,
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
Yet, ſhould Heav'n all the true petitions drain
Of Preſbyterians, who would kings maintain?
Of forty thouſand five would ſcarce remain.

XII.

PROLOGUE *to the Univerſity of Oxford. Spoken by Mr.* HART, *at the acting of* THE SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flouriſh'd, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetick prizes loſt or won.
Methinks I ſee you crown'd with olives ſit,
And ſtrike a ſacred horrour from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where ev'n the beſt are but by mercy free; [to ſee.
A day which none but Johnſon durſt have wiſh'd
Here they, who long have known the uſeful ſtage,
Come to be taught themſelves, to teach the age.
As your commiſſioners, our poets go
To cultivate the virtue which you ſow;
In your Lyceum firſt themſelves refin'd,
And delegated thence to humankind.

But as ambaſſadors, when long from home,
For new inſtructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Faults and faults elſewhere by them are ſhown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
The ill-bred writer, emp'rick like, applies
To minds diſeas'd unſafe chance remedies:
The learn'd in ſchools, where knowledge firſt began,
Studies with care th' anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and paſſions, in their cauſe,
And fame from ſcience, not from fortune, draws.
So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade:
There bards by dunces, whoſe unlearned pen
Could not ſpell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by ſome chance,
They call that Nature which is Ignorance.
To ſuch a fame let mere Town-wits aſpire,
And their gay nonſenſe their own Cits admire.
Our Poet, could he find forgiveneſs here,
Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns to crown from thoſe Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the ſenate's hands;
Not impudent enough to hope your praiſe,
Low at the Muſes' feet his wreath he lays,
Asks, where he took it up, refuſes his bays.

Kings make their poets whom themſelves think fit,
But 'tis your ſuffrage makes authentick wit.

XIII.

PROLOGUE *to the Univerſity of Oxford.*

DISCORD and plots, which have undone our age,
With the ſame ruin have o'erwhelm'd the ſtage.
Our Houſe has ſuffer'd in the common wo,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our ſiſters all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinborough gone, or coach'd or carted.
With bonny Bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in Engliſh Threepence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falſtaff's lean,
There with her ſingle perſon fills the ſcene.
Another, with long uſe and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and roſe there a maid.
Our truſty door-keepers of former time
There ſtrut and ſwagger in heroick rhyme.
Tack but a copper lace to drugget ſuit,
And there 's a hero made without diſpute;
And that which was a capon's tail before
Becomes a plume for Indian emperour.
But all his ſubjects, to expreſs the care
Of imitation, go like Indians bare.

Face'd linen there would be a dang'rous thing;
It might, perhaps, a new rebellion bring:
The Scot who wore it would be chosen king.
But why should I these renegades describe,
When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe?
Plague has been here, and to this learned pit,
With Irish action, slander'd English wit:
You have beheld such barb'rous Macs appear
As merited a second massacre;
Such as like Cain were branded with disgrace,
And had their country stamp'd upon their face.
When strollers durst presume to pick your purse,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.
How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
Oxford 's a place where Wit can never starve.

XIV.

PROLOGUE *to the University of Oxford.*

Tho' actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it we admire it most;
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.
We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore,
Like those who touch upon the Golden shore;
Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our poems take;

Mark it the fools or men of fenfe rejoice,
Whether th' applaufe be only found or voice.
When our top-gallants or our City-folly
Clap over loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that fcene which does their wonder raife,
And for their ignorance contemn their praife.
Judge then if we who act and they who write
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes grofsly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms, all the depths of wit,
The ready finger lays on ev'ry blot,
Knows what fhould juftly please and what fhould not;
Nature herfelf lies open to your view,
You judge by her what draught of her is true.
Where outlines halfe, and colours feem too faint,
Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint
But by the facred Genius of this place,
By ev'ry Muſe, by each domeſtick Grace,
Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, preſumes not to excel.
Our poet's thither for adoption come,
As nations fu'd to be made free of Rome;
Not in the fuffragating tribes to ſtand,
But in your utmoſt, laſt, provincial band.
If his ambition may thoſe hopes purſue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name ſhall be
Than his own mother-univerſity.

Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage;
He chuses Athens in his riper age.

XV.

PROLOGUE to THE DISAPPOINTMENT, OR, THE MOTHER IN FASHION. *By* Mr. SOUTHERN, 1684. *Spoken by* Mr. BETTERTON.

How comes it, Gentlemen, that now-a-days,
When all of you so forewidly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you still with want of sense,
All prologues treat you at your own expense?
Sharp citizens a wiser way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you so:
They in good manners seldom make a slip,
But treat a common whore with Ladyship:
But here each fancy wit at random writes,
And uses ladies as he uses knights.
Our Author young, and grateful in his nature,
Vows that from him no nymph deserves a satire;
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme,
Against the sweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker
To call men fools; 'tis railling at their Maker.
Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf,
He's young enough to be a fop himself;
And if his praise can bring you all a-bed,
He swears the hopeful youth no nation ever bred.

Your nurſes, we preſume, in ſuch a caſe
Your father choſe, becauſe he lik'd the face,
And often they ſupply'd your mother's place.
The dry nurſe was your mother's ancient maid,
Who knew ſome former ſlip ſhe ne'er betray'd.
Betwixt 'em both, for milk and ſugar-candy,
Your ſucking bottles were well ſtor'd with brandy.
Your father, to imitate your diſcourſe,
Meant to have taught you firſt to ſwear and curſe,
But was prevented by each careful nurſe:
For, leaving Dad and Mam, as names too common,
They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
I paſs your ſchools; for there when firſt you came,
You would be ſure to learn the Latin name.
In colleges you ſcorn'd the art of thinking,
But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking,
Thence come to Town, you practiſe play, to know
The virtues of the high dice and the low.
Each thinks himſelf a ſharper moſt profound;
He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound.
With theſe perfections, and what elſe he gleans,
The ſpunk ſets up for love behind our ſcenes,
Not in purſuit of princeſſes and queens.
There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
He hires ſome homely room, Love's fruits to gather,
And, garret-high, rebels againſt his father;
But he once dead——

Brings her in triumph, with her portion down,
A toilette, dreſſing-box, and half-a-crown.
Some marry firſt, and then they fall to ſcouring,
Which is refining marriage into whoring.
Our women batten well on their good nature,
All they can rap and rend for the dear creature;
But while abroad ſo liberal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.
Laſt, ſome there are who take their firſt degrees
Of lewdneſs in our middle galleries:
The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grubble one another's punk:
They caterwaul, and make a diſmal rout,
Call ſons of whores, and ſtrike, but ne'er lug out:
Thus while for paltry punk they roar and ſtickle,
They make it bawdier than a Coventicle.

XVI.

PROLOGUE *to the King and Queen, upon the union of the two companies in 1686.*

SINCE Faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of faſhion,
Their penny ſcribes take care t' inform the nation
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pennſylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Aſſociators:
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And ev'ry age produces such a store,
That now there 's need of two New Englands more.

What 's this, you 'll say, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The factious natives never could agree,
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those playhouse Whigs set up for property.

Some say they no obedience paid of late,
But would new fears and jealousies create,
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 't would end in downright knocks and quelling;
For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will needlessly their freedom barter
For lawless pow'r, sometimes they catch a Tartar:
There's a damn'd word that rhymes to this call'd Charter.

But since the victory with us remains,
You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains,
If you 'll not think us fancy for our pains.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight 'em;
And you, fair ladies and gallants! that slight 'em,
We 'll treat with good new plays, if our new wits can
write 'em.

We 'll take no blund'ring verse, no fustian tumour;
No dribbling love from this or that presumer;
No dull fat fool shamm'd on the stage for humour.

For, faith, some of 'em such vile stuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd;
But 't was, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We 've giv'n you tragedies all sense defying,
And singing-men in woful metre dying;
Thus 't is when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we will hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither;
Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang together.

XVII.

PROLOGUE *to* THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES. *By* M. N. LEE, 1689.

LADIES! I hope there 's none behind to hear
I long to whisper something in your ear

A secret which does much my mind perplex;
There 's treason in the play against our sex;
A man that 's false to love, that vows and cheats,
And kisses ev'ry living thing he meets;
A rogue in mode, (I dare not speak too broad)
One that does something to the very bawd
Out on him, traitor! for a filthy beast;
Nay, and he 's like the pack of all the rest:
None of 'em stick at mark; they all deceive;
Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe;
Their Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve.
To hide their faults they rap out oaths and tear:
Now, tho' we lie, we 're too well bred to swear.
So we compound for half the sin we owe,
But men are dipt for soul and body too;
And when found out excuse themselves, pox cant 'em
With Latin stuff, *perjur'd ridet amantum*
I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
But I suspect 'tis Latin for a rogue.
I'm sure I never heard that sense howl hollow'd
In my poor ears but separation follow'd.
How can such perjur'd villains e'er be sav'd?
Achithophel 's not half so false to David.
With vows and soft expressions to allure,
They stand, like foreman of a shop, demure,
No sooner out of sight but they are gadding,
And for the next new face ride out a-padding.

Yet, by their favour, when they have been kissing,
We can perceive the ready money missing
Well! we may rail, but 't is as good e'en wink;
Something we find, and something they will sink.
But since they're at renouncing, 't is our parts
To trump their di'monds as they trump our hearts.

PROLOGUE *to* THE WIDOW RANTER. *By* MOTTEHN, 1690.

HEAV'N save ye, Gallants! and this hopeful age,
Y'are welcome to the downfal of the stage:
The fools have labour'd long in their vocation,
And vice (the manufacture of the nation)
O'erstocks the Town so much, and thrives so well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.
In vain our wares on theatres are shown,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cause ne'er fails, for whatsoe'er he spends,
There's still God's plenty for himself and friends.
Should men be rated by poetick rules,
Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!
Mean-time poor Wit prohibited must lie,
As if 't were made some French commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expense,
And yet as soon as seen they give offence.

Time was when none would cry, That oaf was me,
But now you strive about your pedigree,
Bawble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a muss of more than half the Town.
Each one will challenge a child's part at leaf;
A sign the family is well increas'd.
Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we're supply'd so fast with English breed
Well! flourish, Countrymen! drink, swear, and roar,
Let ev'ry freeborn subject keep his whore,
And, wandering in the wilderness about,
At end of forty years not wear her out
But when you see these pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb or single share;
For where the punk is common, he's a sot
Who needs will father what the parish got.

XX.

PROLOGUE to ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA. *Reviewed by* LODOWICK [illegible], *Esq. Spoken by Mr.* HART.

We'ou sickly actors, and an old house too,
We're matched with glorious theatres and new;
And with our alehouse scenes, and clothes bare-worn,
Can neither rain or lay, nor new adorn.
If all these ills could not undo us quite,
A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight;

Who with broad bloody bills call you each day
To laugh, and break your buttons at their play;
Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fall'n from some incomparable plume;
And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us grace,
Send lackeys early to preserve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like 'em; they are French:
Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding
Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding;
Each lady striving to outlaugh the rest,
To make it seem they understood the jest.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay;
To teach us English were to clap the play.
Civil, i'gad! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge for them to understand:
Mean-time we languish, and neglected lie,
Live wives, while you keep better company;
And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
You'ad less good breeding or had more good nature.

XX.

PROLOGUE *to* THE PROPHETESS. *By* BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER. *Revived by Mr.* DRYDEN. *Spoken by Mr.* BETTERTON.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his art, can guess
The fate of our approaching Prophetess?

A play which, like a perspective set right,
Presents our vast expenses close to sight;
But turn the tube, and there we sadly view
Our distant gains, and those uncertain too;
A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
And all like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our losses warn us to be wise?
Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise.
Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raise new objects to provoke delight,
But you grow fated ere the second sight.
False men! e'en so you serve your mistresses;
They rise three stories in their tow'ring dress,
And after all you love not long enough
To pay the rigging ere you leave 'em off:
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence, and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack-boots, and Bilbo blade,
Your silver goes that should support our trade.
Go, unkind heroes! leave our stage to mourn,
Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return,
And the fat spoils of League in triumph draw,
His firkin butter and his usquebaugh.
Go, conqu'rors of your male and female foes,
Men without hearts, and women without hose.

Each bring his love, a Bogland captive, home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.
Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows,
And furnish all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights;
We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
But you, bright Beauties! for whose only sake
Those doughty knights such dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious presence grace our play,
And with a sigh their empty feats survey:
Then think on that bare bench my servant sat;
I see him ogle still, and hear him chat,
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd Dum-founding.
Their loss with patience we will try to bear,
And would do more to see you often here.
That our dead stage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may rise.

XXI.

PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES. *By* JOSEPH HARRIS. *Camden*, 1690.

ENTER MR. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day, our new play is like to

come on without a frontispiece; as bald as one of you young beaux without your periwig. I left our young poet shivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and curfing somebody that has deceived him.

ENTER MR. POWEL.

Hold your prating to the audience: here is honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose-tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or something like one. O, here he comes to his trial at all adventures. For my part I wish him a good deliverance.

Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Powel.

ENTER MR. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, sirs, have ye! I am in a hopeful way,
I should speak something in rhyme now for the play;
But the deuce take me if I know what to say.
I'll tell, to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the last drop of claret in my belly,
So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting,
And if my verses feet stumble—you know my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work
In which, tho' much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as

Clark

But for this—play (which till I have done we fhownot)
What may be it's fortune—by the Lord—I know not.
This I dare fwear, no malice here is writ;
'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.
He 's no high-flier—he makes no fky-rockets;
His fquibs are only level'd at your pockets:
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he 's blown up himfelf.
By this time I'm fomething recover'd of my flutter'd
And now a word or two in fober fadnefs. [madnefs,
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—juft half-a-crown.
You 'll fay I play the pimp on my friend's fcore;
But fince 't is for a friend your gibes give o'er,
For many a mother has done that before.
How 's this, you cry; an actor write?—we know it;
But Shakefpeare was an actor and a poet:
Has not great Johnfon's learning often fail'd?
But Shakefpeare's greater genius ftill prevail'd.
Have not fome writing actors in this age
Deferv'd and found fuccefs upon the ftage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be infpir'd.
Let your kind preſence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt is all our bus'nefs here:
So much for that,—and the devil take fmall beer!

XXII.

A PROLOGUE.

Gallants, a bafhful poet bids me fay
He's come to lofe his maidenhead to-day.
Be not too fierce, for he's but green of age,
And ne'er till now debauch'd upon the ftage.
He want's the fuff'ring part of refolution,
And comes with blufhes to his execution.
Ere you deflow'r his Muſe, he hopes the pit
Will make ſome ſettlement upon his wit.
Promiſe him well before the play begin,
For he would fain be cozen'd into fin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But if you leave him after being frail,
He'll have at leaſt a fair pretence to rail;
To call you baſe, and ſwear you us'd him ill,
And put you in the new Deſerters' bill.
Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we ſee,
Enow to fill another Mercury!
But this the ladies may with patience brook;
Theirs are not the firſt colours you forſook.
He would be loath the beauties to offend,
But if he ſhould, he 's not too old to mend.
He 's a young plant, in his firſt year of bearing,
But his friend ſwears he will be worth the rearing.

His glofs is ſtill upon him; tho' 't is true
He 's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an apricot half green is beſt;
There's ſweet and ſour, and one ſide good at leaſt.
Mangos and limes, whoſe nouriſhment is little,
Tho' not for food, are yet preſerv'd for pickle.
So this green writer may pretend, at leaſt,
To whet your ſtomachs for a better feaſt.
He makes this diff'rence in the ſexes too,
He ſells to men, he gives himſelf to you.
To both he would contribute ſome delight,
A mere poetical hermaphrodite.
Thus he 's equipp'd, both to be woo'd and woo,
With arms offenſive and defenſive too:
'Tis hard he thinks if neither part will do.

XXIII.

PROLOGUE to ALBUMAZAR.

To ſay this comedy pleas'd long ago
Is not enough to make it paſs you now;
Yet, Gentlemen, your anceſtors had wit,
When few men cenſur'd, and when fewer writ:
And Johnſon, of thoſe few the beſt, choſe this,
As the beſt model of his maſterpiece.
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That alchymiſt by this aſtrologer;

Here he was fashion'd, and, we may suppose,
He lik'd the fashion well who wore the clothes.
But Ben. made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well which he unjustly gains.
But this our age such authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one word;
Who in this anarchy of wit rob all,
And what 's their plunder their possession call;
Who, like old padders, scorn by night to prey,
But rob by sunshine, in the face of day:
Nay, scarce the common ceremony use
Of Stand, Sir, Deliver up your Muse;
But knock the poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegasus before the owner's face.
Faith if you have such country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road:
Yet it were modest could it but be said
They strip the living, but these rob the dead,
Dare with the mummies of the Muses play,
And make love to them the Egyptian way;
Or, as a rhyming author would have said,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in poetry may claim some part,
They have the license, tho' they want the art;
And might, where theft is prais'd for laureates stand,
Poets not of the head but of the hand.

They make the benefits of other's ſtudying,
Much like the meals of politick Jack pudding,
Whoſe diſh to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own when once h' has ſpit i' th' porridge.
But, Gentlemen, you 're all concern'd in this,
You are in fault for what they do amiſs:
For they their theſts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal, unleſs you pleas'd to wink.
Perhaps you may award by your decree,
They ſhould refund: but that can never be:
For ſhould you letters of reprizal ſeal,
Theſe men write that which no man elſe would ſteal.

XXIV.

PROLOGUE to THE PILGRIM *By* BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER, *Revived for our Author's benefit, anno* 1700.

How wretched is the fate of thoſe who write!
Brought muzzled to the ſtage for fear they bite;
Where, like Tom Dove, they ſtand the common foe,
Lugg'd by the critick, baited by the beau.
Yet worſe, their brother poets damn the play,
And roar the loudeſt, tho' they never pay.
The fops are proud of ſcandal, for they cry,
At ev'ry lewd low character — That 's I!
He who writes letters to himſelf would ſwear
The world forgot him if he was not there.

What should a poet do? 'tis hard for one
To please a full all the fools that would be shown,
And yet not two in ten will pass the Town.
Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop than fops can find.
Quack Marus, tho' he never took degrees
In either of our Universities,
Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,
Because he play'd the fool and writ three books;
But if he would be worth a poet's pen,
He must be more a fool, and write again;
For all the former Indian stuff he wrote
Was dead born doggrel, or is quite forgot.
His Man of Uz crept or his Hebrew robe,
Is just the proverb, and As poor as Job.
One would have thought he could no longer jog,
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog:
There tho' he crept, yet still he kept in sight,
But here he founders in, and sinks downright.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
To hit had still been turn'd to ridicule;
But on bold Dryden, without fear or awe,
O'erlooking at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Wardal-Hopkins yet to come.
But when at last, after all, this godly gear
Is not so fanciful as it would appear,

Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry-Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the ſects to draw them in again.
At leiſure hours in epick ſong he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;
Preſcribes in haſte, and ſeldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between ſtool and ſtool.
Well, let him go; 't is yet too early day
To get himſelf a place in farce or play.
We know not by what name we ſhould arraign him,
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one aſs's back.
At laſt grown wanton, he preſum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindneſs to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

XXV.

PROLOGUE *for the Women, when they acted at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Were none of you, Gallants! e'er driv'n ſo hard,
As when the poor kind ſoul was under guard,
And could not do't at home, in ſome by-ſtreet
To take a lodging, and in private meet?
Each is our caſe; we cann't appoint our Houſe
The lover's old and wonted rendezvous;

But hither to this truſty nook remove;
The worſe the lodging is the more the love:
For much good paſtime, many a dear ſweet hug,
Is ſtol'n in garrets on the humble rug.
Here's good accommodation in the pit;
The grave demurely in the midſt may ſit,
And ſo the hot Burgundian on the ſide
Ply vizard maſk, and o'er the benches ſtride:
Here are convenient upper-boxes too
For thoſe that make the moſt triumphant ſhow:
All that keep coaches muſt not ſit below.
There, Gallants! you betwixt the acts retire,
And at dull plays have ſomething to admire;
We, who look up, can your addreſſes mark,
And ſee the creatures coupled in the ark:
So we expect the lovers, braves, and wits,
The gaudy houſe with ſcenes will ſerve for [illegible]

EPILOGUES.

I.

EPILOGUE. *Spoken at the opening of the New house, March 26, 1674.*

Tho' what our prologue said was sadly true,
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely house is new,
A charm that seldom fails with wicked you.
A country lip may have the velvet touch;
Tho' she 's no lady, you may think her such
A strong imagination may do much.
But you, loud sirs, who thro' your curls look big,
Criticks in plume and white Villancy wig,
Who lolling on our foremost benches sit,
And still charge first, the true forlorn of wit,
Whose favours like the sun, warm where you roll,
Yet you, like him, have neither heart or soul;
So may your hats your forets pay over press,
Untouch'd your ribands, sacred be your dress;
So may you slowly to old age advance,
And have th' excuse of youth for ignorance;
So may Pop-corner full of noise remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;
So may your midnight scouring happy prove,
And morning batt'ries force your way to love;
So may not France your warlike hands recall,
But leave you by each others' swords to fall,

As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When ſober rail, and roar when you are drunk.
But to the wits we can ſome merit plead,
And urge what by themſelves has oft' been ſaid;
Our Houſe relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd ſtreets and long dark winter-nights;
The Flanders horſes from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare ſcarcely look abroad;
The audience from worn plays and ſuſtian ſtuff
Of rhyme, more nauſeous than three boys in buff.
Tho' in their houſe the poets' heads appear,
We hope we may preſume their wits are here.
The beſt which they reſerv'd they now will play;
For, like kind cuckolds, tho' we've not the way
To pleaſe, we'll find you abler men who may.
If they ſhould fail, for laſt recruits we breed
A troop of frisking Monſieurs to ſucceed;
You know the French ſure cards in time of need.

II.

EPILOGUE. *Intended to have been ſpoken by* [illegible]
HEN. MAR. WORTH, [illegible]
at Court.

As Jupiter I made my court in vain,
I'll now aſſume my native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a god to be refus'd.

State grows uneasy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wife remove.
Now as a nymph I need not sue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a god command;
No Jove could e'er the force of these withstand.
'Tis here that sov'reign pow'r admits dispute;
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
Our fullen Catos, whatsoe'er they say,
Ev'n while they frown and dictate laws obey.
You, mighty Sir! our bonds more easy make,
And gracefully what all must suffer take:
Above those forms the grave affect to wear,
For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften bus'ness with the charms of wit.
These peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midst of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in peace the arbiter of war.
Peace, the loath'd means which lost brains despise,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize;
And in its happy leisure sit and see
The promises of more felicity;
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine,
Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your friends and to disarm your foes.

III.

EPILOGUE TO THE MAN OF MODE: OR, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER. *By Sir* GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.

Most modern wits such monstrous fools have shown,
They seem not of Heav'n's making but their own.
Those nauseous Harlequins in farce may pass,
But there we goes more to a substantial ass:
Something of man must be expos'd to view,
That, Gallants, they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies would mistake him for a wit:
And when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,
I vow methinks he's pretty company;
So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help Nature's work, and go to school
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him or him can call;
He's knight o' th' shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And rolling o'er you, like a snowball, grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow,
One taught the tofs, and one the new French wallow.

His ſword-knot this, his cravat that deſign'd,
And this, the yard-long ſnake, he twirls behind.
From one the ſacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew nor touch of hat profan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a ſhog caſts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And riſes with a water-ſpaniel ſhake.
As for his ſongs, the ladies' dear delight,
Theſe ſure he took from moſt of you who write.
Yet ev'ry man is ſafe from what he fear'd,
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

IV.

EPILOGUE *to* MITHRIDATES KING OF PONTUS. *By*
Mr. N. LEE, 1678.

You've ſeen a pair of faithful lovers die;
And much you care; for moſt of you will cry
'Twas a juſt judgment on their conſtancy.
For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in ſuch an age
When no man dies for love but on the ſtage:
And e'en thoſe martyrs are but rare in plays;
A curſed ſign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent deſire;
'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our ſex, the name examin'd well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.

In woman 'tis of subtle int'rest made:
Curse on the punk that made it first a trade!
She first did Wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool presume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold,
But glorious beauty is not to be sold;
Or if it be, 't is at a rate so high,
That nothing but adoring it should buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare;
They purchase but sophisticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old holt-crown way,
And women fight like Swissers for their pay.

V.

EPILOGUE to a *Tragedy called* TAMERLANE. *By Mr.* SAUNDERS.

Ladies, the beardless author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play:
A woman-wit has often grac'd the stage,
But he's the first boy-poet of our age.
Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narcissus peeping thro' the snow.
Thus Cowley blossom'd soon, yet flourish'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as strong.

Youth with the fair ſhould always favour find,
Or we are damn'd diſſemblers of our kind.
What 's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should Hag and Gray beard make ſuch tender moan,
Faith you 'd e'en truſt 'em to themſelves alone,
And cry, Let 's go, here 's nothing to be done.
Since love 's our buſ'neſs, as 't is your delight,
The young, who beſt can practiſe, beſt can write.
What tho' he be not come to his full pow'r?
He 's mending and improving ev'ry hour.
You ſly ſhe-jockies of the box and pit
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
By management he may in time be made,
But there 's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a ſweat,
And always fails you at the ſecond heat.

VI.

An EPILOGUE *for the King's houſe.*

We act by fits and ſtarts, like drowning men,
But juſt peep up, and then pop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked change their ſenſe;
For never men liv'd more on Providence.
Not lott'ry cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken Cits, nor a vacation whore.

Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three laſt ungiving Parliaments:
So wretched, that if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have ſpar'd his dream of fev'n lean kine,
And chang'd his viſion for the Muſes Nine.
The comet that, they ſay, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapour drawn from playhouſe earth,
Pent there ſince our laſt fire, and, Lilly ſays,
Foreſhows our change of ſtate, and thin-third days.
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor,
For then the printers' preſs would ſuffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom ſpit;
They thrive by treaſon, and we ſtarve by wit.
Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid?
Or, which is duller yet, and more would ſpite us,
Democritus his Wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors who have run us down,
And exerciſ'd you criticks of the Town.
Yet theſe are pearls to your lampooning rhymes;
Y' abuſe yourſelves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the Engliſh nation,
Is worn to rags, and ſcribbled out of faſhion.
Such harmleſs thruſts as it, like fencers wife,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith they may hang their harps upon the willows,
'Tis juſt like children when they box with pillows.

Then put an end to Civil wars for ſhame,
Let each knight-errant who has wrong'd a dame
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The ſatisfaction of a gentleman.

VII.

EPILOGUE TO THE LOYAL BROTHER, OR THE PERSIAN PRINCE, 1682.

A VIRGIN poet was ſerv'd up to-day,
Who till this hour ne'er cackled for a play.
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory boy,
But, like a girl, whom ſev'ral would enjoy,
Begs leave to make the beſt of his own nat'ral toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The King's Houſe would inſtruct me by the name.
There 's loyalty to one: I wiſh no more;
A commonwealth ſounds like a common whore.
Let huſband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory ſtill.
If any factious ſpirit ſhould rebel,
Our ſex with eaſe can ev'ry riſing quell.
Then, as you hope we ſhould your failings hide,
An honeſt jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They ſave dull culprits who have murder'd ſenſe.
Tho' nonſenſe is a nauſeous heavy maſs,
The vehicle call'd Faction makes it paſs.

Faction in plays the Commonwealth-man's bribe,
The leaden farthing of the Canting tribe.
Tho' void in payment law and statutes make it,
The neighbourhood that knows the man will take it.
'Tis Faction buys the votes of half the pit;
Theirs is the pension-parliament of wit.
In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis hate in its own element.
Here, where their madness can have no pretence,
Let them forget themselves an hour of sense.
In one poor life why should two factions be?
Small difference in your vices I can see;
In drink and drabs both sides too well agree.
Would there were more preferments in the land!
It places will the party could not stand.
Of this damn'd grievance every Whig complains;
They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.
Mean time you see what trade our plots advance,
We lend each year good money into France;
And they that know what merchandise we need
Send o'er true Protestants to mend our breed.

VIII.

EPILOGUE to the University of Oxford. Spoken by Mr. HART *at the acting of the* SILENT WOMAN.

No poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haste when the French arms draw

than we with our poetick train come down,
For refuge hither, from th' infected Town.
Heav'n for our sins this summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French troop first swept all things in its way,
But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to slay:
Yet, to our cost, in that short time we find
They left the itch of novelty behind.
Th' Italian Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd grimace.
Instead of wit and humours, your delight
Was there to see two hobby-horses fight:
Your Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in,
And ran a-tilt at Centaur Arlequin.
For love you heard how am'rous asses bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their serenade.
Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monster shewn you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to strike the stage quite dumb,
Those wicked engines call'd Machines are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art-magick is for poetry profest;
And cats and dogs, and each obscener beast,
To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our English stage are worshipp'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown
Macbeth, and Simon Magus of the town;

Fletcher's deſpis'd, your Johnſon's out of faſhion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are ſhown;
By you thoſe ſtaple authors' worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their ſcenes have rais'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay their price is rais'd.

IX.

EPILOGUE. *Spoken at Oxford. By Mrs.* MARSHALL.

O F T has our poet wiſh'd this happy ſeat
Might prove his fading Muſe's laſt retreat.
I wonder'd at his wiſh, but now I find
He fought for quiet and content of mind,
Which noiſeful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the ſhades like laurels grow.
Youth, ere it ſees the world, here ſtudies reſt,
And Age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs
Yearly to ſhare which hourly you poſſeſs,
Teaching e'en you, while the next world we ſhow
Your peace to value more and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy memory ſhall ever laſt;
For patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er ev'ry noble art, and ev'ry ſcience guides;

Parhurst! a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd,
To rule those Muses whom he first serv'd.
His learning and unstain'd manners too,
We find, Athenians! are deriv'd to you:
Such ancient hospitality there reigns
In your's, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
Whose kindness was religion to their guests.
Such modesty did to our sex appear
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here:
Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown,
As might Apollo with the Muses own.
Till our return we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

X.

EPILOGUE TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT. By NAT. LEE, 1684.

Our hero's happy in the play's conclusion;
The holy rogue at last has met confusion.
Tho' Arius all along appear'd a saint,
The last act shew'd him a true Protestant.
Eusebius (for you know I read Greek authors)
Reports that, after all these plots and slaughters,

The court of Conſtantine was full of glory,
And ev'ry Trimmer turn'd addreſſing Tory.
They follow'd him in herds as they were mad;
When Clauſe was king then all the world was glad.
Whigs kept the places they poſſeſs'd before,
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
Here's pow'r and money to be rogues again.
Indeed there were a ſort of peaking tools,
Some call them modeſt, but I call them fools,
Men much more loyal, tho' not half ſo loud;
But theſe poor devils were left behind the crowd:
For bold knaves thrive without one grain of ſenſe,
But good men ſtarve for want of impudence.
Beſides all theſe there were a ſort of wights,
(I think my author calls them Vekelites)
Such hearty rogues againſt the king and law,
They favour'd e'en a foreign rebel's cauſe:
When their own damn'd deſign was quaſh'd and law'd,
At leaſt they gave it their good word abroad:
As many a man who, for a quiet life,
breeds out his baſtard not to noiſe his wife.
Thus o'er their darling plot theſe Trimmers cry,
And tho' they cannot keep it in their eye,
They bind it 'prentice to Count Tekely.
They believe not the laſt plot; may I be curſt
If I believe they e'er believ'd the firſt.

No,

No wonder their own plot no plot they think;
The man that makes it never mells the stink.
And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why these damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks so well.
Th' original Trimmer, tho' a friend to no man,
Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman:
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-ey'd rogues for ev'ry true believer;
And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,
One pleasure that for threescore twelve months lasted:
To turn for this may surely be forgiven,
Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a heav'n?

XI.

EPILOGUE to the King and Queen, upon the union of the two companies, 1682.

NEw ministers, when first they get in place,
Must have a care to please; and that's our case.
Some laws for public welfare we design,
If you, the pow'r supreme, will please to join.
There are a sort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have or who pretend to wit.
These noisy Sirs so loud their parts rehearse,
That oft' the play is silenc'd by the farce.
For such be dumb, this penalty to shun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldest son.

Poor willing tits they are; but yet I doubt
This double duty ſoon will wear them out.
Then you are watch'd beſides with jealous care;
What if my Lady's page ſhould find you there?
My Lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye;
No paſſing your gilt ſhilling for a guinea.
Thus, Gentlemen, we have ſumm'd up in ſhort
Our grievances from country, town, and court,
Which humbly we ſubmit to your good pleaſure;
But firſt vote money, then redreſs at leiſure.

XII.

EPILOGUE TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVE, 1689.

A QUALM of conſcience brings me back again
To make amends to you beſpatter'd men.
We women love, like cats that hide their joys,
By growling, ſqualling, and a hideous noiſe.
I rail'd at wild young ſparks; but, without lying,
Never was man worſe thought on for high-flying.
The prodigal of love gives each her part,
And ſquand'ring ſhows at leaſt a noble heart.
I've heard of men who in ſome lewd lampoon
Have bir'd a friend to make their valour known.
That accuſation ſtraight this queſtion brings,
What is the man that does ſuch naughty things?
The ſpaniel lover, like a ſneaking fop,
Lies at our feet; he's ſcarce worth taking up.

'Tis true such heroes in a play go far;
But chamber-practice is not like the bar.
When men such vile, such faint, petitions make,
We fear to give, because they fear to take.
Since modesty 's the virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own sex confin'd:
When men usurp it from the female nation,
'Tis but a work of supererogation—
We shew'd a Princess in the play, 't is true,
Who gave her Cæsar more than all his due;
Told her own faults; but I should much abhor
To chuse a husband for my confessor.
You see what fate follow'd the saint-like fool
For telling tales from out the nuptial-school.
Our play a merry comedy had prov'd
Had she confess'd so much to him she lov'd.
True Presbyterian wives the means would try,
For damn'd confessing is flat Popery.

XIII.

EPILOGUE TO HENRY II. *By Mr.* MOUNTFORT, 169[illegible].
Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

Thus you the sad catastrophe have seen,
Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the Proud was French, they say,
But English manners are got the day

Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver;
Fair Rosamond was but her *nom de guerre*.
Now tell me, Gallants! would you lead your life
With such a mistress or with such a wife?
If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture or the curtain love?
Would ye be godly with perpetual strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife,
Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest whoring Harry in the play?
I guess your minds; the mistress would be taken,
And nauseous Matrimony sent a-packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
After a year poor spouse is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of Church comes cross your mind,
Chapels of Ease behind our scenes you find.
The playhouse is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face.
Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many,
Would buy of me a penn'worth for your penny.
E'en this poor face, which with my fan I fate,
Would make a shift my portion to provide,
With some small perquisites I have beside.
Tho' for your love perhaps I should not care,
I would not hate a man that bid me fair.

What might ensue 't is hard for me to tell,
But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
And fear the poison that would make me swell.

XIV.

AN EPILOGUE.

You saw our wife was chaste, yet throughly try'd,
And, without doubt, y' are hugely edify'd;
For like our hero whom we shew'd to-day,
You think no woman true but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of show;
Esteem and kindness in one breast would grow;
But 't was Heav'n knows how many years ago.
Now some small chat, and guinea expectation,
Get all the pretty creatures in the nation.
In comedy your little selves you meet;
'Tis Covent-Garden drawn in Bridges-Street.
Smile on our author then, if he has shown
A jolly nut-brown bastard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with ease and with delight,
Who act those follies poets toil to write!
The sweating Muse does almost leave the chase;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To some new trick of contrariety.
You roll like snow-balls, gath'ring as you run,
And get [illegible] of one.

Your Venus once was a Platonick queen,
Nothing of love beside the face was seen;
But ev'ry inch of her you now uncase,
And clap a vizard mask upon the face.
For sins like these the zealous of the land,
With little hair and little or no band,
Declare how circulating pestilences
Watch ev'ry twenty years to snap offences.
Saturn e'en now takes doctoral degrees,
He'll do your work this summer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus! find thy grace,
And, ah! preserve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit-confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they show:
The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray;
For ev'ry critick sav'd thou damn'st a play.

XV.

EPILOGUE TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

Like some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
Unus'd to crowds, the parson quakes for fear,
And wonders how the dev'l he durst come there,
Wanting three talents needful for the place,
Some beard, some learning, and some little grace.

Nor is the puny Poet void of care,
For authors such as our new authors are,
Have not much learning nor much wit to spare:
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's scarce one
But has as little as the very Parson.
Both say they preach and write for your instruction,
But 't is for a third day, and for indiction.
The difference is, that tho' you like the play,
The Poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
But with the Parson 't is another case;
He without holiness may rise to grace.
The Poet has one disadvantage more,
That if his play be dull he's damn'd all o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead but damn'd poor.
But dulness well becomes the sable garment;
I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a Priest's preferment:
Wit's not his bus'ness, and as wit now goes,
Sirs 't is not so much your's as you suppose,
For you like nothing now but nauseous beaux.
You laugh not, Gallants! as by proof appears,
At what his Beauship says, but what he wears;
So 't is your eyes are tickled, not your ears.
The tailor and the furrier find the stuff,
The wit lies in the dress and monstrous muff.
The truth on 't is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
You cannot from our absent author hope
He should equip the stage with such a top

Fools change in England, and new fools arise;
For tho' th' immortal ſpecies never dies,
Yet ev'ry year new maggots make new flies:
But where he lives abroad he ſcarce can find
One fool for millions that he left behind.

XVI.

EPILOGUE *to* THE PILGRIM.

PERHAPS the Parſon ſtretch'd a point too far,
When with our theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you that this very moral age
Receiv'd the firſt infection from the ſtage.
But ſure a baniſh'd court, with lewdneſs fraught,
The ſeeds of open vice returning brought,
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It firſt debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful ſoil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The poets, who muſt live by courts or ſtarve,
Were proud ſo good a government to ſerve,
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
Tainted the ſtage for ſome ſmall ſnip of gain.
For they like harlots under bawds profeſt,
Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the leaſt.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court its head, the poets but the tail.
The ſin was of our native growth 't is true,
The ſcandal of the ſin was wholly new.

Miles they were, but modestly conceal'd;
Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd,
Who standing, as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
The strumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
Ere this, if saint had any secret motion,
'Twas chamber-practice all and close devotion.
I pass the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now they would silence us, and shut the door,
That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.
As for reforming us, which some pretend,
That work in England I say without an end:
Well may we change, but we shall never mend.
Yet if you can but bear the present stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you say if we should not begin
To stop the trade of love behind the scene,
Where actresses make bold with marry'd men
For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as rugged as a colt is.
In short, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man.
But neither you nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be some remains
While you have still your Dares and we our Haynes.

SONGS.

I.

THE FAIR FRANCES.

I.

Happy and free, securely blest,
No beauty could disturb my rest;
My amorous heart was in despair
To find a new victorious fair:

II.

Till you, descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control
The mighty sov'reign of my soul.

III.

Your smiles have more of conqu'ring charms
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the spell,
Who can see them and not rebel?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

II.

CLIFFE YOUNG STATESMEN. *Written in* 1680.

CLARENDON had law and ſenſe;
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave looks was a pretence,
And Danby's matchleſs impudence
Help'd to ſupport the knave.

But Sutherland, Godolphin, Lory,
Theſe will appear ſuch chits in ſtory,
'Twill turn all politicks to jeſts,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers ſings at feaſts.

Protect us, mighty Providence!
What would theſe madmen have?
Firſt they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common ſenſe,
And without pow'r enſlave.

Shall freeborn men, in humble awe,
Submit to Servile ſhame,
Who from conſent and cuſtom draw
The ſame right to be rul'd by law
Which kings pretend to reign?

The Duke ſhall wield his conquering sword,
The Chancellor make a ſpeech,
The King ſhall paſs his honeſt word,
The pawn'd revenue ſums afford,
And then, Come kiſs my breech.

So have I ſeen a king on chefs
(His rooks and knights withdrawn
His queen and biſhops in diſtreſs)
Shifting about, grow leſs and leſs,
With here and there a pawn.

III.

A song for St. Cecilia's day, 1687.

1.

From Harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This univerſal frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Ariſe, ye more than dead.
Then cold and hot, and moiſt and dry,
In order to their ſtations leap.
And Muſick's power obey.
From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This univerſal frame began:

From harmony to harmony,
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

II.

What passion cannot Musick raise and quell
When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Musick raise and quell

III.

The Trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thund'ring drum
Cries, Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining Flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling Lute.

V.

Sharp Violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantick indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

VI.

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred Organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the Lyre;
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher,
When to her Organ vocal breath was giv'n,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,

The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Musick shall untune the sky.

IV.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA *for the Death of* DAMON.

I.

On a bank, beside a willow,
Beav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta sigh'd alone;
From the cheerless dawn of morning
Till the dews of night returning,
Sighing, thus she made her moan.
Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

II.

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth and such a lover;
Oh! so true, so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of Nature,
Charming in his ev'ry feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting kisses,
Murm'ring blisses,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

III.

Never ſhall we curſe the morning
Never bleſs the night returning,
Sweet embraces to reſtore:
Never ſhall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love ſupplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
Death come end me
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more

V.

A SONG.

I.

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth as ſhe lay on the green;
She had heard of a pleaſure, and ſomething ſhe gueſt,
By the towſing, and tumbling, and touching her breaſt.
She ſaw the men eager, but was at a loſs
What they meant by their fighting, and kiſſing ſo cloſe
By their praying and whining,
And chaping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And fighting and kiſſing,
And fighting and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

II.

Ah! ſhe cry'd, ah! for a languiſhing maid
In a country of Chriſtians to die without aid!

Not a Whig or a Tory, or Trimmer at leaſt,
Or a Proteſtant parſon or Catholick prieſt,
To inſtruct a young virgin that is at a loſs
What they meant by their ſighing, and killing ſo cloſe:
By their praying and whining,
And clapping and twining,
And panting and writhing,
And ſighing and killing,
And ſighing and killing ſo cloſe.

III.

Cupid in ſhape of a ſwain did appear,
He ſaw the ſad wound, and in pity drew near;
Then ſhow'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear:
When the balm was infus'd ſhe was not at a loſs
What they meant by their ſighing, and killing ſo cloſe:
By their praying and whining,
And clapping and twining,
And panting and writhing,
And ſighing and killing,
And ſighing and killing ſo cloſe.

VI.

I.

A troop of bright beauties in ſpring did appear
To uſher a May-lady to govern the year;

All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green;
The garland was giv'n, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and, sighing, did say,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more;
The soft God of Pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
Has broken his bow and extinguish'd his fires,
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addresses and court us no more,
For we will perform what the Deity swore;
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheephooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When Pan and his son and fair Syrinx return.

VII.

A SONG.

I.

Fair, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes.
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
O pity and distinguish me!

As I, from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

II.

Your face for conquest was design'd;
Your ev'ry motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.

III.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

VIII.

A SONG.

High state and honours to others in part,
But give me your heart:
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
My soul does inspire;
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.

Your love let me crave;
Give me in possessing
So matchless a blessing;
That empire is all I would have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If ever you discover
So faithful a lover,
Secreal a flame,
I'll die, I'll die;
So give up my game.

II.

RONDELAY.

I.

Cannot found Amyntas lying,
All in tears, upon the plain,
Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiss me, Dear! before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

II.

Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain
Ever scorning, and denying
Thoreward your faithful swain:
Kiss me, Dear! before my dying,
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

III.

Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain;
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
Kiss me, Dear! before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain.
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again:
Kiss'd him up before his dying;
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

X.

A SONG.

I.

Go tell Amyntas, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief,
That musick should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

II.

A sigh or tear perhaps she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live;
Tell her that heart's for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid:
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress:
But, ah! the wretch that speechless lies
Attends but death to close his eyes.

XI.

A SONG *to a fair young Lady going out of the Town in the Spring.*

I.

Ask not the cause why sullen Spring
So long delays her flow'rs to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
To make it spring where she resides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair!
She cast not back a pitying eye,
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die.
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure?

III.

Great god of Love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,

That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such pow'r before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And ev'ry life but mine recall.
I only am by Love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

XII.

SONG *of a* SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS, *who [illegible] by their friends, fell mad for one another, and [illegible] Bellam.*

[*Mustick within.*]

[illegible] doors, each held by a keeper.

PHIL. Look, look, Lice—I see my love appear!
'Tis he—'tis he alone,
For like him there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man; 'tis thee, Dear!
AMYNT. Hark! the winds war,
The foamy waves roar;
I see a ship afar,
Tossing and tossing, and making to the shore:
But what's that I view,
[illegible]

St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the sails?
Ah! no, no, no;
St. Hermo never, never shone so bright;
'Tis Phillis, only Phillis, can shoot so fair a light;
'Tis Phillis, 'tis Phillis, that saves the ship alone,
For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is over-
blown.

PHIL. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMYNT. If all the Fates combine,
And all the Furies join, [charms.
I'll force my way to Phillis, and break through their

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*]

PHIL. Shall I marry the man I love?
And shall I conclude my pains?
Now bless'd be the Pow'rs above!
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapours leave my brains.

AMYNT. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to
To make sure of the cure, [heart,
Go call the man in black to mumble o'er his part.

PHIL. But suppose he should stay—

AMYNT. At worst if he delay,
'Tis a work must be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better the sooner begun.

[*Chr. of both.*] At worst if he delay, &c.

[*They run out together hand in hand.*

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

I.

To the memory of Mr. OLDHAM.

FAREWELL too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For future fools were near ally'd, and those
Cast in the same poetick mould with mine:
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike:
To the same goal in both our studies drive,
The last set out, the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
While his young friend perform'd and won the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
It might, what Nature never gives the young,
Have taught the smoothness of thy native tongue,
But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line:
A noble errour, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy generous fruits tho' gather'd ere their prime,
Still shew'd a quickness; and maturing Time
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.

Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell thou young,
But ah, too short Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompass thee around.

II.

AN ODE

To the pious memory of the accomplish'd young Lady

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

Excellent in the two sister-arts of Poesy and Painting.

I.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the Skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest;
Whether adopted to some neighb'ring Star,
Thou roll'st above us in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heav'n's majestick pace;
Or, call'd to more superiour bliss,
Thou tread'st with seraphims the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heav'n's eternal year is thine.

Hear, then, a mortal Muſe thy praiſe rehearſe
In no ignoble verſe;
But ſuch as thy own voice did practiſe here,
When thy firſt fruits of poeſy were giv'n
To make thyſelf a welcome inmate there;
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heav'n.

II.

If by tradution came thy mind,
Our wonder is the leſs to find
A ſoul ſo charming from a ſtock ſo good;
Thy father was tranſfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful ſtrain,
An early rich and inexhauſted vein.
But if thy preexiſting ſoul
Was form'd at firſt with myriads more,
It did thro' all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho laſt which once it was before.
If ſo, then ceaſe thy flight, O heav'n-born mind!
Thou haſt no dreſs to purge from thy rich ore,
Nor can thy ſoul a fairer manſion find
Than was the beauteous frame ſhe left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celeſtial kind.

III.

May we preſume to ſay that at thy birth
New joy was ſprung in heav'n as well as here on earth?

For fure the milder planets did combine
On thy auſpicious horeſcope to ſhine,
And e'en the moſt malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the ſky
Might know a poetefs was born on earth;
And then if ever mortal ears
Had heard the muſick of the ſpheres.
And if no claſt'ring ſwarm of bees
On thy ſweet mouth diſtill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that ſuch vulgar miracles
Heav'n had not leiſure to renew;
For all thy blaſs'd fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holyday above.

IV

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heav'nly gift of poeſy?
Made proſtitute and profligate the Muſe,
Debas'd to each obſcene and impious uſe,
Whoſe harmony was firſt ordain'd above
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adult'rate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
T'increaſe the ſtreaming ordures of the ſtage?
What can we ſay t'excuſe our ſecond fall?
Let this thy veſtal, Heav'n, atone for all;

Her Arethusian stream remains unfoil'd,
Un[illegible] foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wi[illegible] more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For [illegible] did that want supply;
So [illegible] her own,
She [illegible] our boasted stores defy:
Such [illegible] rigour [illegible] verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd where 't was only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and ev'ry light, her Muse will bear,
Tho' Epictetus with his lamp were there.
E'en love, for love sometimes her Muse exprest,
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breast,
Light as the vapours of a morning-dream;
So cold herself, while she such warmth exprest,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For Painting near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province and alluring prey.

A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence,
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with ev'ry lineament,
And all the large domains which the dum sister
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went,
Her pencil drew whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft' the happy draught surpass'd the image in her mind.
The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestick piece,
Boasting the pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,
And, tho' defac'd, the wonder of the eye;

What Nature, Art, bold Fiction, e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopled Ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial King the sight with rev'rence strook;
For, not content t'express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there,
As when by magick ghosts are made appear.
Our phœnix Queen was pourtray'd too so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was seen
In beauty foremost, as in rank the Queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire, the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on ev'ry side.
What next she had design'd Heav'nly knows;
To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,
That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
Recall the much-lamented virgin hies.
Nor wit nor piety could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel Destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
A double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relick and deface the shrine.
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heav'n by the same disease did both translate:
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

Meanwhile her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, gen'rous youth! that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
Alas! Rhodes knew'd not thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.

But look aloft, and if thou kenn'st from far,
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of Fate,
And there the last assizes keep
For those who wake and those who sleep;
When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews over the skeletons are spread,
Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks to the new morning sing;
There thou, sweet Samel before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of Heav'n, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

ELEONORA;

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

Dedicated to the memory of

THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

To the Right Honourable

THE EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands with which you honoured me some months ago are now performed: they had been sooner, but, between ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on board to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes, and told them that good verses never flow but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a dungeon; I therefore chose rather to obey you late than ill, if at least I am capable of writing any thing at any time which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that I have escaped

from a shipwreck, but have only gained a rock by hard swimming, where I may pant awhile and gather breath: for the doctors give me a sad assurance that my disease never took its leave of any man but with a purpose to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the small stock which age has left me to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Lady's memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please; but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to resist; which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes, which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better

sort of criticks, for the whole Poem, though written in that which they call Heroick verse, is of the Pindarick nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your Lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyrick: a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a Heathen word may be applied to a Christian use. And, on all occasions of praise, if we take the Ancients for our patterns, we are bound, by prescription, to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the Younger Pliny amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward as it were into another world.

This at least, my Lord, I may justly plead, that if I have not performed so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavours to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known or seen my Lady; and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the description which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him; which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only

artificer given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I among the rest) that his own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to him: though I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my Lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation, acknowledges that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyrick, which was to raise an emulation in the living to copy out the example of the dead: and therefore it was that I once intended to have called this Poem *The Parallel*, and though, on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of the illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Leonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best friend.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavoured to answer your commands, yet I could not answer

to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your Lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by your wife. They who define the rules of virtue, both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon to have been so truly loved by you while she was living, and so gratefully honoured after she was dead. Few there are who have either had or could have such a love; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual fines of common husbands; and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name as author of the piece; so give me leave to hope that, by subscribing mine to this Poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. It is no flattery to

allure your Lordſhip that ſhe is remembered in the preſent age by all who have had the honour of her converſation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company ſince the news of her death was firſt brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues and even ſpoken the ſame things of her in proſe which I have done in verſe.

I therefore think myſelf obliged to thank your Lordſhip for the commiſſion which you have given me: how I have acquitted myſelf of it muſt be left to the opinion of the world, in ſpite of any proteſtation which I can enter againſt the preſent age as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort they are but Engliſhmen, and, as ſuch, if they think ill of me to-day they are inconſtant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongſt them. The good of both ſexes are ſo few in England, that they ſtand like exceptions againſt general rules: and though one of them has deſerved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I ſhould not tire my pen with frequent exerciſe on ſo like ſubjects, that praiſes, like taxes, ſhould be appropriated, and left almoſt as individual as the perſon. They lay my talent is ſatire: if it be ſo it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather, but a ſingle hand is inſufficient for ſuch a harveſt. They have ſown the dragon's teeth them-

selves, and it is but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the character of honour, though it is not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased you, and some few others, I have obtained my end. You see I have disabled myself, like an elected Speaker of the House: yet, like him, I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden sufficiently recompensed by the honour. Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper-monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

III.

ELEONORA.

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

By Tom. Hetherington, of the Cavalry of ABINGDON.

As when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers first and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants: then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Thro' town and country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last,
Who then perhaps were offering vows in vain
For his long life, and for his happy reign;
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till publick as the loss the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing and with bleeding hearts,
But most the poor, whom daily she supply'd,
Beginning to be such but when she dy'd:
For while she liv'd they slept in peace by night,
Secure of bread as of returning light:
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray
So sure the dole, so ready at their call,
They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.

Such multitudes she fed, she clothed, she nurst,
That she herself might feast her wanting first.
Of her five talents other five she made;
Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely paid:
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No less than heav'n, to heap huge treasures there.

Want pass'd for merit at her open door;
Heav'n saw he safely might mercific his poor,
And trust to our forbearance with her so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy whom she saw or knew;
All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
He who could touch her garment was as sure
As the first Christians of th' Apostles' cure.
The distant heard by fame her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest needs,
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For what was ne'er refus'd all hop'd to find
Each in his turn. The rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor 'twas home.
As to some holy house th' afflicted came,
The hunger-starv'd, the naked, and the lame,
Want and diseases fled before her name.

For zeal like her's her ſervants were too ſlow:
She was the firſt, where need requir'd, to go;
Herſelf the foundreſs and attendant too.

Sure ſhe had gueſts ſometimes to entertain,
Gueſts in diſguiſe, of her great Maſter's train:
Her Lord himſelf might come, for aught we know,
Since in a ſervant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to ſtay;
Or ſome benighted angel in his way
Might cafe his wings, and, ſeeing heav'n appear
In its beſt work of mercy, think it there,
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as conſtant method as above,
All carry'd on: all of a piece with theirs:
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praiſes, and as warm her pray'rs.

Yet was ſhe not profuſe, but fear'd to waſte,
And wiſely manag'd, that the ſtock might laſt;
That all might be ſupply'd, and ſhe not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, ſhe had not to relieve:
Which to prevent ſhe ſtill increas'd her ſtore;
Laid up and ſpar'd that ſhe might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or ſome greater king than he,
Provided for the ſeventh neceſſity;
Taught from above his magazines to frame,
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heav'n, tho' all-ſufficient, ſhows a thrift
In his economy, and bounds his gift;

Creating for our day one ſingle light,
And his reflection too ſupplies the night.
Perhaps a thouſand other worlds that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the ſky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurſt,
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worſt.
Now as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet ſomewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her ſoul abhorring avarice;
Bounteous, but almoſt bounteous to a vice:
Had ſhe giv'n more it had profuſion been,
And turn'd th' exceſs of goodneſs into ſin.
Theſe virtues rais'd her fabrick to the ſky;
For that which is next heav'n is charity.
But as high turrets for their airy ſteep
Require foundations in proportion deep,
And lofty cedars as far upwards ſhoot
As to the nether heav'ns they drive the root,
So low did her ſecure foundation lie,
She was not humble but humility.
Scarcely ſhe knew that ſhe was great or fair,
Or wiſe beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durſt compare:
For to be conſcious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But ſtill ſhe found, or rather thought ſhe found,
Her own worth wanting, others' to abound:

Ascrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
Unjust and fatal to herself alone.
Such her devotion was as might give rules
Of speculation to disputing schools,
And teach us equally the heat to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold,
That pious heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.
Business might shorten, not disturb her pray'r;
Heav'n had the best, if not the greater share.
Active but long orations she forbids;
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.
Her ev'ry day was Sabbath; only free
From hours of pray'r for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from servile toil releas'd,
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
Such as bless'd angels exercise above,
Vary'd with secret hymns and acts of love:
Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs
(For such vicissitudes in heav'n there are)
In praise alternate, and alternate pray'r.
All this she practis'd here, that when she sprung
Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung:
Sung, and was sung herself in angels' lays;
For praising her they did her Maker praise.
All offices of heav'n so well she knew
Before she came, that nothing there was new;

And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
Mount down again precipitate thy flight,
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light:
But as the sun in water we can bear,
Yet not the sun but his reflection there,
So let us view her here in what she was,
And take her image in this wat'ry glass.
Yet look not ev'ry lineament to see;
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lonely drawn, you 'll scarcely know 't is she:
For where such various virtues we recite,
To like the Milky-way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with stars, 't is undistinguish'd light.
Her virtue, not her virtues let us call,
For one heroick comprehends 'em all:
One, as a constellation is but one,
Tho' 't is a train of stars that, rolling on,
Rise in their turn, and in the Zodiack run,
Ever in motion; now 't is faith ascends,
Now hope, now charity that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive good descends.
As in perfumes, compos'd with art and cost,
'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost;
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;
So she was all a sweet, whose ev'ry part
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim the Maker's art.

No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occasion but exerted that or this.

A wife as tender, and a virtue withal,
As the first woman was before her fall;
Made for the man of whom she was a part,
Made to attract his eyes and keep his heart.
A second love, but by no crime accurst;
As beauteous, not as brittle, as the first.
Had she been first, full Paradise had been,
And death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserv'd from ill
Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.

Love and obedience to her lord she bore;
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by superiour sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God as author of our good;
So subjects love just kings, or so they should.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd;
One joy possess'd 'em both, and in one grief they
His passion still improv'd; he lov'd to fail,
As if he fear'd each day would be her last

Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy state,
When he to Heav'n entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the soul is all in ev'ry part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too: for Charity
Was not more fruitful or more kind than she:
Each under other by degrees they grew,
A goodly perspective of distant view.
Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face
In numb'ring o'er his future Roman race,
And marshalling the heroes of his name,
As in their order next to light they came;
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;
Proud shall I say, of her immortal fruit,
As far as pride with heav'nly minds may suit.
Her pious love excell'd to all she bore;
New objects only multiply'd it more:
And as the Chosen found the pearly grain
As much as ev'ry vessel could contain;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory as his soul can bear;
So did she love, and so dispense her care.
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best
As longer cultivated than the rest.

The babe had all that infant-care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her smiles;
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
At his first aptness the maternal love
Those rudiments of reason did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command,
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand;
True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind
With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind;
Soft for impression, from the first prepar'd,
Till virtue with long exercise grew hard;
With ev'ry act confirm'd, and made at last
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodness resolv'd into necessity.
Thus fix'd the Virtue's image, that 's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children shone,
For that was their perfection: she was such,
They never could express her mind too much.
So unexhausted her perfections were,
That for more children she had more to spare;
For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
Deprived of bodies and of mortal breath:
And, could they take th' impressions of her mind,
Enough still left to fancify her kind.
Then wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and fill from mother to friend.

As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
To seek repose, and empty out the tide;
So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, sought a vent
To issue out, and in some friendly breast
Discharge her treasures, and securely rest;
T' unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart:
For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Tho' bodies cannot, souls can penetrate:
Fix'd to her choice, inviolably true,
And wisely chusing, for the chose but few.
Some she must have, but in no one could find
A tally fitted for so large a mind.
The souls of friends like kings in progress are;
Still in their own, tho' from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country-dwelling was,
A sweet retirement to a coarser place,
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatness was shut out, and business well forgot.
This is th' imperfect draught; but short as far
As the true height and bigness of a star
Exceeds the measures of th' astronomer.
She shines above, we know, but in what place,
How near the throne, and Heav'n's imperial face;
By our weak opticks is but vainly guess'd;
Distance and altitude conceal the rest.

Tho' all these rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd,
Tho' not so large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory thro' the publick place
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The Consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd,
And so the swift procession hurry'd on,
That all, tho' not distinctly, might be shown;
So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind;
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along,
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute slipt away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of Heav'n to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, tho' each complete,
But ev'ry act stood ready to repeat.
Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her blest name in Fate's eternal book,
And pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues endless charity;
But more will wonder, at so short an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page.

And, with a pious fear, begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the reſt torn out.
But 't was her Saviour's time; and could there be
A copy near the original 't was ſhe.

As precious gums are not for laſting fire,
They but perfume the temple and expire;
So was ſhe ſoon exhal'd, and vaniſh'd hence,
A ſhort ſweet odour of a vaſt expenſe.
She vaniſh'd, we can ſcarcely ſay ſhe dy'd;
For but a Now did heav'n and earth divide:
She paſs'd ſerenely with a ſingle breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One ſigh did her eternal bliſs aſſure;
So little penance needs when ſouls are almoſt pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts purſue,
Or, one dream paſs'd, we ſlide into a new;
So cloſe they follow, ſuch wild order keep,
We think ourſelves awake, and are aſleep;
So ſoftly death ſucceeded life in her,
She did but dream of heav'n and ſhe was there.

No pains ſhe ſuffer'd, nor expir'd with noiſe,
Her ſoul was whiſper'd out with God's ſtill voice.
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feaſt,
And treated like a long familiar gueſt,
He took her as he found, but found her ſo,
As one in hourly readineſs to go:
Ev'n on that day, in all her trim prepar'd,
As early notice ſhe from heav'n had heard,

And some descending courier from above
Had giv'n her timely warning to remove,
Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the Bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay,
Cloth'd all in white, the liv'ry of the day.
Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word, or act,
Unless omissions were to pass for fact,
That hardly Death a consequence could draw,
To make her liable to Nature's law.
And that she dy'd, we only have to show
The mortal part of her she left below:
The rest, so smooth, so suddenly, she went,
Look'd like translation thro' the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand sent.

O happy soul! if thou canst view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'st that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family;
Look on thy tender pledges left behind,
And if thou canst a vacant minute find
From heav'nly joys, that interval afford
To thy sad children, and thy mourning Lord!
See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,
And shed a beam of comfort from above;

Give 'em, as much as mortal eyes can bear
A tranſient view of thy full glories there,
That they with mod'rate ſorrow may ſuſtain
And mollify their loſſes in thy gain;
Or elſe divide the grief; for ſuch thou wert;
That ſhould not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a ſingle heart.
Let this ſuffice, nor thou, great Saint! refuſe
This humble tribute of no vulgar Muſe,
Who not by cares, or wants, or age, depreſt,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntleſs breaſt,
And dares to ſing thy praiſes in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where e'en to draw the picture of thy mind
Is ſatire on the moſt of humankind:
Take it while yet 'tis praiſe; before my rage,
Unſafely juſt, break looſe on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyſelf hadſt no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what, and where thou art: to wiſh thy place
Were in the beſt, preſumption more than grace.
Thy relicks (ſuch thy works of mercy are)
Have in this Poem been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy ſoul the ſky,
So ſhalt this verſe preſerve thy memory,
For thou ſhalt make it live, becauſe it ſings of thee.

IV.

Upon the DEATH *of the Earl of* DUNDEE.

O laſt and beſt of Scots! who didſt maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign.
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live;
Nor wouldſt thou her nor could the thee ſurvive.
Farewell! who living didſt ſupport the ſtate,
And couldſt not fall but with thy country's fate.

V.

On the DEATH *of* AMYNTAS. *A paſtoral.*

'T was on a joyleſs and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the graſs, and hung with pearls the thorn,
When Damon, who deſign'd to paſs the day
With hounds and horns, and chace the flying prey,
Roſe early from his bed; but ſoon he found
The welkin pitch'd with fallen clouds around,
An eaſtern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he ſtood, and, ſighing, did ſurvey
The fields, and curs'd th' ill omens of the day,
He ſaw Menalcas come with heavy pace,
Wet were his eyes, and cheerleſs was his face;
He wring his hands, diſtracted with his care,
And ſent his voice before him from afar:

Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy Swain:
The ſpungy clouds are fill'd with gath'ring rain;
The promiſe of the day not only croſt,
But e'en the ſpring, the ſpring itſelf, is loſt.
Amyntas—Oh!—He could not ſpeak the reſt,
Nor needed, for preſaging Damon gueſt.
Equal with Heav'n young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boaſt of Nature, both his parents' joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind,
So great a genius, and a ſoul ſo kind,
Gave ſad aſſurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew;
For when their gifts too laviſhly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them laſt:
For ſure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features and the father's ſoul.
Then thus ſhe cry'd: The Morn beſpoke the news;
The Morning did her cheerful light diffuſe;
But ſee how ſuddenly ſhe chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's diſgrace,
Juſt ſuch, Amyntas! was thy promis'd race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where Nature ſmil'd,
And more than man was giv'n us in a child!
His infancy was ripe; a ſoul ſublime
In years ſo tender that prevented time:
Heav'n gave him all at once: then ſnatch'd away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could ſurvey:
Juſt like the flow'r that buds and withers in a day.

MEN. The mother, lovely, tho' with grief oppreſt,
Reclin'd his dying head upon her breaſt:
The mournful family ſtood all around;
One groan was heard, one univerſal ſound;
All were in floods of tears and endleſs ſorrow drown'd.
So dire a fadneſs ſat on ev'ry look,
E'en Death repented he had giv'n the ſtroke;
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to thoſe who yet remain'd.
The mother's and her eldeſt daughter's grace
It ſeems had brib'd him to prolong their ſpace.
The father bore it with undaunted ſoul,
Like one who durſt his deſtiny controul;
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Reſign'd his ſon, but not reſign'd his heart:
Patient as Job; and may he live to ſee,
Like him, a new increaſing family!

DAM. Such is my wiſh, and ſuch my prophecy.
For yet my friend the beauteous mould remains;
Long may ſhe exerciſe her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More laſting, and endu'd with equal grace!
Equal ſhe may, but farther none can go;
For he was all that was exact below.

MEN. Damon behold yon' breaking purple cloud;
Hear'ſt thou not hymns and ſongs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and ſing him on his way:

He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And ev'ry moment gains upon the skies.
The new-come guest admires th' ethereal state,
The sapphire portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the shining throng,
He shows the passport which he brought along:
His passport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now sing, ye joyful Angels! and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to meet your quire:
Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bedew,
For like Amyntas none is left below.

VI.

On the DEATH *of a very young* GENTLEMAN.

He who could view the book of Destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming Youth! in the first op'ning page,
So many graces in so green an age,
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
A soul at once so manly and so kind,
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after some few leaves should find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
A stop of life that promis'd such a race,
We must not, dare not, think that Heav'n began
A child, and could not finish him a man,
Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made;

The coſt already furniſh'd, to beſtow'd,
As more was never to one ſoul allow'd;
Yet after this profuſion, ſpent in vain,
Nothing but mould'ring aſhes to remain!
I gueſs not, leſt I ſplit upon the ſhelf,
Yet dar'ſt I gueſs Heav'n kept it for himſelf,
And giving us the uſe, did ſoon recall,
Ere we could ſpare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he diſappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper ſpeech to ſay he dy'd:
He was exhal'd, his great Creator drew
His ſpirit, as the ſun the morning dew.
'Tis ſin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on ev'ry ſon.
He added not, he was ſo pure, ſo good,
'Twas but th' original forfeit of his blood,
And that ſo little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the firſt muddy clay,
The length of courſe had waſh'd it in the way:
So deep, and yet ſo clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
As ſuch we lov'd, admir'd, almoſt ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford;
Perhaps we gave ſo much, the Pow'rs above
Grew angry at our ſuperfluous love;
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cheat is juſtly ſnatch'd away.

Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone,
And yet we murmur that he went ſo ſoon,
Tho' miracles are ſhort and rarely ſhown.
Hear then, ye mournful Parents! and divide
That love in many which in one was ty'd
That individual bleſſing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining ſtore.
The flame 's diſpers'd, but does not all expire;
The ſparkles blaze, tho' not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts in all your num'rous race,
And from thoſe parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

VII.

Upon Young Maſter ROGERS *of Gloceſterſhire.*

Of gentle blood, his parents' only treaſure,
Their laſting ſorrow, and their vaniſh'd pleaſure;
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large proviſion for ſo ſhort a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better ſtate;
But, knowing heav'n his home, to ſhun delay
He leap'd o'er age, and took the ſhorteſt way.

VIII.

On the DEATH *of Mr* PURCELL. *Set to muſick by Dr* BLOW.

I.

Mark how the lark and linnet ſing,
With rival notes

They ſtrain their warbling throats
To welcome in the ſpring.
But in the cloſe of night,
When Philomel begins her heav'nly lay,
They ceaſe their mutual ſpite,
Drink in her muſick with delight,
And liſ'ning, ſilently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew when Purcell came;
They ſung no more, or only ſung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man;
The godlike man,
Alas! too ſoon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not Hell our Orpheus to reſtore:
Had he been there,
Their ſov'reign's fear
Had ſent him back before.
The pow'r of harmony too well they knew;
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring ſphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heav'nly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the ſcale of muſick from the ſky;
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way they ſung.
Ye brethren of the lyre and tuneful voice!
Lament his lot, but at your own rejoice;

Now live ſecure, and linger out your days:
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

IX.

EPITAPH *on the Lady* WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treaſure each, alone,
A wife, a miſtreſs, and a friend, in one,
Reſt in this tomb, rais'd at thy huſband's coſt,
Here ſadly ſumming what he had and loſt.
Come, Virgins! ere in equal bands ye join,
Come firſt and offer at her ſacred ſhrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the reſt with longer life,
And wiſh your vows, like her's, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead ſo mourn'd.

X.

EPITAPH *on Sir* PALMES FAIRBONE's *tomb in Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBONE, *Knight, Governor of Tangier, in execution of which command he was mortally wounded by a ſhot from the Moors, then forcing the trenches, in the forty-ſixth year of his age, October* 24, 1680.

YE ſacred Relicks! which your marble keep,
Here, undiſturb'd by wars, in quiet ſleep;

Discharge the truſt which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted ſoul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.
Alive and dead theſe walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples muſt attend.
The Candian siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkiſh blood did his young hands imbrue:
From thence returning with deſerv'd applauſe,
Againſt the Moors his well-fleſh'd ſword he draws;
The ſame the courage, and the ſame the cauſe.
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in ſome great and regular deſign,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer heav'n his virtues ſhone more bright,
Like riſing flames, expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the ſoldier's fight.
More bravely Britiſh general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd ſo well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their cloſe,
Follow'd by thouſand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loſs for time to come
His pious widow conſecrates this tomb.

XI.

Under MILTON's *picture, before* PARADISE LOST.

Three poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.

The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſt;
The next in Majeſty; in both the laſt.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third ſhe join'd the former two.

XII.

On the monument of a fair maiden Lady, who died at ... and is there interred.

Below this marble monument is laid
All that Heav'n wants of this celeſtial maid;
Preſerve, O ſacred Tomb! thy truſt conſign'd;
The mould was made on purpoſe for the mind,
And ſhe would loſe, if at the latter day
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
Her limbs were form'd with ſuch harmonious grace,
So faultleſs was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the ſoul,
Which her own inward ſymmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture ſhone, in glaſs anneal'd,
Or like the ſun eclips'd, with ſhaded light,
Too piercing, elſe, to be ſuſtain'd by ſight;
Each thought was viſible that roll'd within,
As thro' a cryſtal caſe the figur'd hours are ſeen;
And Heav'n did this tranſparent veil provide,
Becauſe ſhe had no guilty thought to hide.

All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies;
For marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dies.
High tho' her wit, yet humble was her mind,
As if she could not, or she would not, find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learn'd so much of heav'n below,
That when arriv'd she scarce had more to know,
But only to refresh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r.
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
A female softness, with a manly mind;
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind;
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

XIII.

EPITAPH *on Mrs.* MARGARET PASTON, *of Burnham in Norfolk.*

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not stay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.

Heav'n's image was in her so well expreſs'd,
Her very ſight upbraided all the reſt;
Too juſtly ravish'd from an age like this,
Now ſhe is gone, the world is of a piece.

XIV.

On the monument of the Marquis of WINCHESTER.

He who in impious times undaunted ſtood,
And 'midſt rebellion durſt be juſt and good,
Whoſe arms aſſerted, and whoſe ſuff'rings more
Confirm'd the cauſe for which he fought before,
Reſts here, rewarded by an heav'nly prince,
For what his earthly could not recompenſe.
Pray, Reader! that ſuch times no more appear;
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Aſk of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preſerve them, Heav'n confin'd in thee;
Few ſubjects could a king like thine deſerve,
And fewer ſuch a king ſo well could ſerve.
Bleſs'd king! bleſs'd ſubject! whoſe exalted ſtate
By ſuff'rings roſe, and gave the law to Fate.
Such ſouls are rare, but mighty patterns giv'n
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heav'n.

ODES*.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE III.

Inscribed to the Earl of ROSCOMMON, *on his intended voyage to Ireland.*

So may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars, the seed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred Ship! be kind,
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
Supplying soft Eresian gales,
As thou to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore,
And save the better part of me
From perishing with him at sea.
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side;
Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny flood;

* The Translations which follow are foreign to the purpose of this Publication, which is confined solely to the *Original Poems* of Mr. Dryden: but having a few spare pages towards the close of this volume, it is hoped the Reader will not be displeased to find these occupied by any thing from the hand of this inimitable writer.

Nor fear'd the wind's contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore;
Nor Hyades portending rain,
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who, unconcern'd with stedfast sight,
Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep!
Could thro' the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land.
If daring ships, and men profane,
Invade th' inviolable main,
Th' eternal fences overleap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship, can restrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from heav'n the seeds of fire;
A train of ills, a ghastly crew,
The robber's blazing track pursue:
Fierce Famine, with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In swarms th' offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground;

And limping Death, laſh'd on by Fate,
Comes up to ſhorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings, to fail in air:
To hell Alcides fore'd his way,
Plung'd thro' the lake, and ſnatch'd the prey.
Nay, ſcarce the gods or heav'nly climes
Are ſafe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

I.

Behold yon' mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppreſs the lab'ring woods below;
And ſtreams with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and cramp't to ſolid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs diſſolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine that makes us bold,
And ſprightly wit and love inſpires;
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone with what he made,
To toſs and turn the world below;

At his command the storms invade,
The winds by his commission blow,
Till with a nod he bids 'em cease,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy;
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of Fortune's pow'r:
Nor love, nor love's delights, disdain;
Whate'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.

V.

Secure those golden early joys
That youth unsour'd with sorrow bears,
Ere wither'd Time the taste destroys
With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possest;
The best is but in season best.

VI.

The appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIX.

Paraphraſed in Pindaric verſe, and inſcribed to the Right Hon. LAURENCE *Earl of* ROCHESTER.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuſcan ſceptre ſway'd,
Make haſte to meet the gen'rous wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd:
The roſy wreath is ready made,
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil that ſhall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the wine ſparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, Come away,
Make haſte, and leave thy buſ'neſs and thy care;
No mortal int'reſt can be worth thy ſtay.

III.

Leave for awhile thy coſtly country-ſeat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauſeous pleaſures of the great.
Make haſte and come:
Come, and forſake thy cloying ſtore,
Thy turret, that ſurveys from high,
The ſmoke, and wealth, and noiſe, of Rome,
And all the buſy pageantry
That wiſe men ſcorn and fools adore:
Come, give thy ſoul a looſe, and taſte the pleaſures
of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A short viciſſitude and ſit of poverty:
A lav'ry diſh, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious room,
The Perſian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy forcheads of the great.

V.

The ſun is in the Lion mounted high;
The Syrian ſtar
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry breath infects the ſky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heav'n above us fry.
The ſhepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And ſeeks refreſhing riv'lets nigh:
The Sylvans to their ſhades retire;
Thoſe very ſhades and ſtreams new ſhades and ſtreams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new lord Mayor,
And what the City factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know;
But God has wiſely hid from human ſight

The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's pow'r.
The tide of bus'ness, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown;
Both house and homested into seas are borne,
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have poss'ss'd in spite of Fate are mine.

Not Heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r;
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune that with malicious joy,
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless;
Still various, and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm,
And virtue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black,
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.

For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blust'ring roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

HORACE, EPODE II.

How happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he
Who leads a quiet country life,
Discharg'd of bus'ness, void of strife,
And from the griping usurer free!
Thus ere the seeds of vice were sown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plough'd with oxen of their own
Their small paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets summon him to war,
Nor drums disturb'd his morning sleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep,
The clamours of contentious law,
And court and state he wisely shuns;
Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
In servile flatteries runs;

But either to the clasping vine
Does the supporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruninghook disjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their stead;
Or, climbing to a hilly steep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or sheers his overburden'd sheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars;
Or in the now declining year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And clust'ring grapes with purple spread.
The fairest of his fruit he serves,
Priapus! thy rewards;
Sylvanus, too, his part deserves,
Whose care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted grass, he lies;
No god of sleep he need invoke,
The stream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.
The wind that whistles thro' the sprays
Maintains the concert of the song,
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden sleep prolong.
But when the blast of winter blows,
And hoary frost inverts the year,

Into the naked woods he goes,
And feeks the tuſky boar to rear
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed ſpear;
Or ſpreads his ſubtle nets from ſight
With twinkling glaſſes to betray
The larks that in the meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaſte and pleaſing wife,
To eaſe the buſ'neſs of his life,
Divides with him his houſehold care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the ſwift Apulian's bride,
Sunburnt and ſwarthy tho' ſhe be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And, without noiſe, will overſee
His children and his family,
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty, and over-labour'd, home:
If ſhe in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy ſtore,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Nor oyſters of the Lucrine lake
My ſober appetite would wiſh,

Nor turbot, or the foreign fish
That rolling tempefts overtake,
And hither waft the coftly dish;
Not heathpout, or the rarer bird
Which Phafis or Ionia yields,
More pleafing morfels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than ihards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the looften'd body found;
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the juft guardian of my ground.
Amidft thefe feafts of happy fwains,
The jolly fhepherd fmiles to fee
His flock returning from the plains:
The farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his oxen fweating fmoke,
Bear on their necks the looften'd yoke,
To look upon his menial crew
That fit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies fpent in toil renew
With wholefome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft faid within himfelf;
Refolv'd to leave the wicked Town,
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf
Soon fplit him on the former fhelf.
He put it out again

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid;
Come visit ev'ry pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on humankind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated light!
The Father's promis'd Paraclete;
Thrice Holy Fount! thrice Holy Fire!
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sev'nfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh! inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;

And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.
  Chaſe from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow;
And, leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.
  Make us eternal truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thyſelf, that we may ſee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
  Immortal honour, endleſs fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt man's redemption dy'd;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete! to thee.

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